JOURNAL OF THE

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

Vol. VI AUGUST, 1918 Number 8

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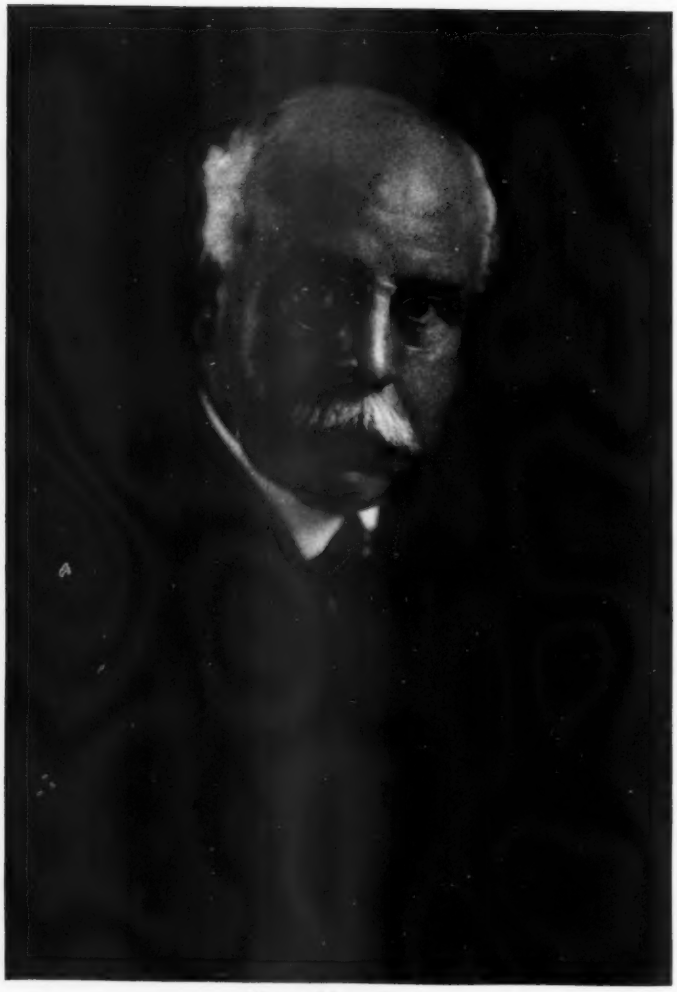


FRANK MILES DAY
President of the Institute, 1906–1907

JOURNAL OF THE
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

Vol. VI AUGUST, 1918 No. 8

Shadows and Straws

A JUST RETRIBUTION is often a pleasant thing to contemplate when it brings no suffering but only a monetary loss. For example: A proud and prosperous city somewhere within easy reach of an Ocean Coast became very active, we are informed, through its Chamber of Commerce, in seeking war contracts. When a group of patriotic citizens attempted to point out what had happened to many cities in America which had pursued the same thoughtless course, and that their own city would do well to first examine the supply of houses and other accommodations for the workers who would have to be found for executing any contracts, the Chamber of Commerce soft-pedalled this intelligent suggestion, saying they feared that any application for Government aid in housing workers would operate to divert war contracts.

Sometime later, when the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce seemed about to be crowned with success, they were dismayed on learning that the proposal to expand the shipyards in their town had been rejected because of the shortage of houses in the community. Some months ago they had fooled themselves first, and tried to fool the Government, too, by stating that they had no housing problem and that abundant means existed for taking care of workmen in a proper manner.

Unfortunately, the retribution has to be shared by the people of the United States, by our soldiers and those of our Allies, since there is always a national retribution when the Government is deceived and thus hampered in the execution of the project with which it is now charged. In the army, treachery is visited with a condign punishment, but treachery of this kind is thought to be clever when it succeeds in landing the profits and which, when it fails, goes quite unpunished.

HUMOR IN WAR is as inescapable as in peace. From France and England have come to us the cartoons and the stories which have resulted from the saving grace of the ludicrous, lighting up with a momentary flash, the sorry spectacle of trench and shell-hole, the rigors of the mess and the trials innumerable which are dissolved by laughter. We, too, shall soon begin to accumulate our own store of war humor, as it filters back to us across the sea, and there are signs, here and there, that some premonitory influences have already made themselves felt in various quarters.

But of all humor, the unconscious is best. That skill in wit which so effaces itself as to obliterate all traces of the narrator or the artist, is still often surpassed by that unconscious humor offered by the effort to be serious, and especially by that striving after portentous words with which we have become so familiar in the local press of the United States. Recently there came to our hands a newspaper published in a small town scarcely thirty miles from New York, in which the following article nestled securely as evidence of that wonderful pretentiousness which deals so confidently with things not only mundane but of the spirit as well. There would seem to be here no field in which the writer does not venture with a confidence as superb as his ignorance is pathetic. Entitled "Timely Topics of the Town," and pretending to describe a "Grand Patriotic

Rally," it was intended to be a serious description of that event. We offer it, even in so serious a moment as this, because we now and then fall into humor, in spite of the war and all the other lesser troubles which it brings. It reads as printed, except that we have changed the names of the local celebrities:

"Beauty, fashion, aristocracy, wealth, enthusiasm, and a very classy entertaining and educating show, were seen at the Palace Theatre, Wednesday night. Ruralia prides itself on being colonial historically and actual; therefore it appears at least slightly odd that the theatre was not filled. However, the seats were fairly well occupied, while those who were present were more than pleased.

"It would perhaps be inconsistent to write at length of the individual talent. Burr McIntosh, whose erudition, oratorical ability, travel, articulation and magnetism, are known to many of us, was at his best on Wednesday night. His explanation of the war conditions was correct, and should be concentrated on by all. The pictures shown were from his individual camera, and were indeed beautiful.

"His lecture instilled in each hearer the fact that we should endeavor to keep liberty and our constitution uppermost in mind, by preparedness and individual effort. By so doing we will still continue to sing of "The Home of the Free and the Land of the Brave." If we neglect a small detail, the contrary may, at any time, be the result.

"The hit of the evening was made when Miss Dorothy Newton appeared in the costume of a Red Cross nurse, with also twelve young ladies of our town in similar dress, all of whom sang "You'll Be There," an entirely new song. Miss Newton, of course, was the leader. All of the ladies had been professionally drilled. Miss Newton, later on, handsomely gowned, sang the "Star Spangled Banner," in which the audience joined.

"Miss Gertrude Riley, a lady of staturesque beauty, sweetly sang, "For Dixie and Uncle Sam." Louis Cavagnaro, basso, rendered "La Marseillaise" in true operatic voice and style.

"Miss Julia Long did a woodland dance that fascinated. Her beautiful conteurs and costume, displayed the muscular development of nature's endowment. What can be more divine than the human form?—it is hard to comprehend.

"To our fellow townsman, Mr. George P. Brigham, much credit should be given for not only the array of talent, but for his generous thought, and also for financing the affair for the benefit of the Red Cross and War Relief fund.

"The flag decorations in the theatre, were, in the writer's opinion, superior to any ever witnessed in Ruralia. The flowers given to each artist were expensive and artistic; they were donated by Mr. Brigham, and came from the flower shops of Thomas Trask and that of William Martin. Augustus F. Ottiwell did the flag decorating. Our photographic artist, Clarence Shoemaker, did the flashlight act on the audience.

"The night will long be remembered not alone for the entertainment, but on account of the cause for which it was given."

THE STRUCTURAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT will be resumed in the next issue, we hope, with a change in the character of its contents such as will meet with the approval of all our readers, we are sure. The war is making building history faster than it was ever made before in the progress of the world. The mark which will be left from the efforts we have been compelled to make toward speed, toward the readaptation of materials, and toward a general working together for the common welfare of the nation, will alter many practices in the building industry for the good of all.

THE PROCEEDINGS of the last Convention will shortly be distributed to the members of the Institute. While their appearance seems to be late in the year, it must be remembered that the Convention was four months later than usual and that there have been unusual difficulties, this year, in expediting publication.

THE COMMITTEES FOR 1918 will be announced in the September issue of the Journal. To avoid the expense of a Board meeting at this time, the appointment of committees is being arranged by correspondence between the members of the Board and the President.

WE HAVE ALREADY REFERRED to the serious mutilation of Washington which has been occasioned by the demand for buildings of every conceivable character. This promises to continue unabated, since the demands increase daily, and, although we may not protest at the sites selected, provided they are taken under the stress of a war necessity, one still feels that we have blundered in many cases; that we have done things which were not necessary and which were unprotested through a patriotic desire not to hamper or impede the work of making war.

Bad blunders there have been, and while the pressure of war may serve as a measure of excuse, the fact remains that we have again displayed our general national indifference in matters of this kind. If there had been a background of love and respect for the physical features of a community—a thing which is so conspicuously missing from our life as a nation—we would have avoided much of that disfigurement to the Capital which now bids fair to be an eyesore for many years to come.

War and the Building Industry

IT IS a very hard thing to fit business to war, because war upsets business with a violent demand for the machinery of war, most of which is different from the machinery of peace. Gradually, war dominates business and shapes it to war's ends, or else you lose the war. This has to be so. But in the process of accomplishing this domination and shaping, there are hardships, and even casualties, to business. The work of fitting it to war is rigorous and painful. It is a period through which we are now passing, and we are finding the trial pleasant or unpleasant, according to our experience.

Each business has its own peculiar problems and difficulties, and of these none is perhaps more involved and complicated in its relation to war than the building industry. Perhaps to no one in the business does all go smoothly. Probably there is no one who is satisfied that every problem has been wisely solved. There are administrative defects. Undoubtedly we shall never get rid of them in this war. But are they not relatively unimportant to the grand result? The answer to our war-making ability is thrilling the world today, as the news comes from France—*and that is where the answer must be sought.* No matter what the groaning, the grumbling, and the murmuring here—the question is, are we doing our job over there? Are we getting the men and the munitions and the supplies across the sea? The world says that we are and that we have performed a miracle. But the miracle must go on and become daily more miraculous.

There are two phases to the war building situation—building for the Government and non-Government building. They are so closely related that they ought not to be separated. All building is either for or against the war. If it is for it, on it should go. If it is against it, stop it must. Let us not forget that for one moment. Let us also remember that in the decisions which will be taken, some of them will be wrong, some of them will be unjust; but just as there is no way of going to war without shedding blood and taking lives, so is there no way of going to war without casualties in business. It cannot be done yet.

The war building business of the Government is a colossal undertaking. Its details are wholly understood by no one. Clever special pleaders tune their strings and write academic discussions about the wealth-producing capacity of private building, and end it with a little refrain about wasting materials and labor, through the slowing up of that peace-time function. But any patriot who comes to Washington and starts to acquaint himself with the real situation—not the academic condition that is discussed—will see in a very short time that the process of organizing and mobilizing the resources of the country is racing along at top speed. The building industry, along with all others, is being shaped to the ends of war. In this process are people making mistakes? Indeed they are. Are all the thousands of men who are doing it competent? Indeed they are not. But the point is that you couldn't get any higher percentage of competence if you shook the whole lot out and put in a fresh one, nor could you diminish the percentage of mistakes any faster than they are being diminished today. *And again, the answer must be looked for in France, not here!*

Suppose, for a moment, that a housing project is ordered in a section where the brick industry is large. Brick houses, says the architect; and the War Industries Board, which allocates supplies, agrees. But in the course of time it is suddenly decided to double the number of houses in that particular project. Then it appears that there are not enough bricks. What substitute shall be used? Another kind of brick, of which two are equal to three of the ordinary brick? Yes, that seems reasonable, because it means less fuel to burn them. Can they be had? Yes. Where are they? Five hundred miles away. Can they be transported? Ask the Railway Administration's representative on the War Industries Board. No, they cannot be transported. What next? We must change the whole scheme.

To what shall it be changed? And then the same process has to be gone over again, and then someone points out that it will not do to use all the first-grade bricks and leave a great

percentage of light burnt brick (the lower grade left from the burning and used for non-exposed work), and there is a shifting of materials all round to meet that condition.

And, again, what shall the roofing be for this job? There is plenty of slate in the section, and it can be had. Fine. That's settled. But the Construction Department says you cannot have slate roofs. They cost too much. You must take something else, and we won't use the slate until the cheaper things are gone, which is a mistake, very likely, for it means that the cheaper materials must be transported from one hundred to a thousand miles, very probably, and that in the end the slate will also have to be transported to some other building project, an equal distance away. It is already known that certain types of roofing are facing a shortage of raw materials. Thus the slate will have to be used somewhere at an early date. Why not use it on the job that is close at hand and save all the transportation? And through every one of these questions there runs the complicated thread of a labor problem. It is never absent.

But even so there will not be enough roofing in the country. Makers of "ready-to-lay" roofing cannot get sufficient raw materials. What's to be done? The standard has to be lowered, that's all. So all the makers of that kind of roofing are summoned to meet with the Building Materials Section of the War Industries Board, and they discuss the situation and tell their stories, and finally they agree upon a standard that will allow them to go on with their industry. Each deviation from the accepted standard which use and experience have established is marked as a concession to war conditions and as not applicable afterward.

Or there is difficulty in getting lighting fixtures for the thousands of houses now being built by the Government. There is a shortage of materials and a shortage of labor. To Washington come the manufacturers. They also sit down with the Building Materials Section of the War Industries Board, and in a few days they emerge with a set of standards for design upon which all are agreed. In this act they have saved the nation thousands of dollars, released quantities of materials for other uses, freed a large amount of labor for equally vital purposes. The War Industries Board is mobilizing, organizing, conserving, saving. Without its guidance we should have chaos, for in addition to all of these things it fixes prices which are as fair as can be calculated. Without this work, the scramble for raw materials, and the unrestrained competition which would result would plunge us into a vortex of inefficiency and delay. These things are going on day and night.

The method is autocratic and essentially foreign to our mode of life, but it is war! It is the only possible way to get out of this war without wasting our whole wealth and throwing away the lives of millions of men. Wrongs are done and injustices fall where they are not deserved, but what injustice equals the tears that will fall nightly in this land for many a year to come! In not one of those households is there any possible connection between the boy who went away without a thought of death, and justice! War is the concentrated essence of injustice. It takes men to bear it, and women to smile through it.

But in the midst of all this incredible attempt that is being made to balance up the country's resources—these herculean tasks which ought to have years of study instead of days—these problems of fuel, of labor, of transportation, of raw materials of every kind, and of the incessant cry for more men, more munitions, more ships, more aëroplanes, more and more and ever more of everything that can be torn out of the earth wherever it can be found, there are still a goodly number of men who are not contented. Part of them see no chance to get into war building for the Government, and they join forces with others in the same boat. Then there is a second group who wish to hold their business together by carrying on private building, and they start a propaganda to show a good many facts, many or all of which may be true, but which really have nothing to do with the war problem.

To argue for the continuance of private building as a service to the nation in war-time seems an act of doubtful sincerity. Only a clear and proven case of ignorance of conditions would exempt such a pleader from the charge of having failed in his patriotism. Even to point out, in which we may concede that one would be entirely right, that all unemployed labor and unused building materials constitute a waste which ought to be turned into money for carry-

ing on the war, would not materially strengthen the argument. The element of unsatisfied war needs here enters in and must fully be reckoned with if one is to reach a just decision. Therefore it is imperative that we decide upon what basis the decision is to rest. What determines the wisdom of allowing private building to go on?

It has been evident, from hastily gathered information, that there have been sections of the country quite undisturbed by war building, where there appeared to exist a supply of local materials and local labor which could go into building. But it is equally apparent, if one studies the organizing forces here at Washington,—especially if one is informed as to the real shortage in labor and the efforts which the Department of Labor is making to mobilize that first essential,—if one takes into account the approaching change in the ages selected for the draft and the further inroads that will be made through this step,—the increasing demand for men, men, men, that it is not only a difficult matter to say whether a private building anywhere is justified, but on the face of it is almost a certainty that it is not. Idle labor denotes, not a building opportunity, but dislocated labor and the fact that we have not mobilized our resources. There is a shortage of men, in war making, all the time, and the Government is striving, and will succeed, in an eventual mobilization which will use all our man power on that one vital job! In the meantime the Government has no intention of unnecessarily injuring any industry. Any man who has honestly, thoroughly convinced himself that it would be an act of patriotism for him to build, will probably have no difficulty in convincing those on whom the decision rests. This is certainly true in the question of small houses or apartments. Any man or group of men who desire to build houses and who can demonstrate to the United States Housing Corporation that the houses are needed to meet a shortage which is interfering with the progress of the war, can get an authorization allowing them to proceed, and the Capital Issues Committee will undoubtedly make it possible for them to finance the undertaking. Buildings, the genuine need of which can be shown, will get full and fair consideration. But genuine means genuine, and no camouflage!

Time and again, where buildings have been pleaded for, even by Governmental Departments, by the Army or the Navy, it has been found that other existing property could be remodelled and made to serve the purpose. Time and again the housing divisions of the Government have been able to arrange for unoccupied houses to be used, and thus to avoid building. The question as to whether we should build anything which will not help us in the war does not even admit of controversy—not if you really believe in making war for the benefit of the nation as a whole.

In all of this great work, the Government is steadily assuming control of all our lives and fortunes. It is, so to speak, federating industry after industry. It is bringing the component parts of each together for mutual discussions and a better understanding of the nature of the building problem which confronts the United States as a vital factor in bringing war to an end.

In doing this, the Government must deal with each industry through the groups with which it is now dealing and which are almost daily being organized to perform their functions, in connection with the Building Materials Section of the War Industries Board. There is no other way of handling the situation. It is precisely similar to the situation which eventually led to the appointment of General Foch as generalissimo of the allied armies. There was no federation of nations necessary, but a single control leading to a closer and closer inter-allied coöperation on every conceivable question, from the use of the banana as a food to the raising and spending of billions upon billions. The Government becomes the generalissimo of all business. It must, in war. Those businesses which someone seeks to federate for the purpose of opposing their selfish will against the single national purpose of the generalissimo are more endangering to victory than the Kaiser's most subtle machinations.

Victory, in this war, will belong to the nation which best mobilizes its man power. All the wealth of the world, no matter in what form it may be held, will be of no avail without men. Beginning with soldiers, we must so organize that every man not at the front will be contributing his maximum to the making of war necessaries, so that we can get and keep at the front the maximum number of men. Provost General Crowder has stated the case in terms which

ought to be easily understood. Secretary Baker agrees with him, and it is beyond doubt that the proposed change in the draft to include men between 18 and 45 will be enacted, substantially as recommended, by Congress.

What does this mean? It means first of all that we must have more men for war. The incessant cry is for men, men, men—and ever more and more men. They are needed at the front; they are needed at home. Every effort of this nation must be bent to the freeing of more men for war service.

Therefore it seems perfectly clear that what will determine the volume of private building which may go on in the future will be the quantity of labor available after every war necessity has been satisfied to the utmost. The needs of war are paramount to all others. To lose sight of that fact would be a calamity. To divert any labor or materials away from war-making until we have reached and passed the zenith of our war contribution would be a monstrous betrayal of the men we have sent across the sea. It is unthinkable that such a thing should happen, and therefore it would be regrettable if any man, or any set of men, should try to convince the people of this country that our war needs are so well cared for that we can afford to sit back and see what we can do about private building now, or in connection with after-war problems.

Our war needs are not satisfied. They are far from it. We are behind—still behind—in our schedules. They suffer from a genuine shortage of labor. Our present degree of unemployment only indicates a lack of mobilization. This must be reduced to the irreducible minimum. No other problem exceeds this in importance. It demands the best brains and the most courageous thinking. Our Government has seen its war problem as one of increasing and not of diminishing scope. Its every act indicates that fact. Therefore let us make war like men of courage and of brains and put that service above and beyond every other service in the world.

Already, in Washington, there are rumors that Congress will attempt to reserve the right of granting exemptions, under the new draft law, in industries which are essential to war. Exemptions there should be, but Congress should not deal with them except as a general principle. It is incapable of determining what exemptions there should be, and this question should be left to the administrative branch of the Government.

In the discussion of exemptions, Congress will be subjected to the never-absent pressure of businesses which wish to obtain special favors. It will be interesting, for example, to see whether any Senator or Representative could be persuaded to make the attempt to secure an exemption for men engaged in private building. The utterances of one Senator, as a builder familiar with the business, and in connection with the theory of allowing private building to go on, have formed a considerable part of the propaganda which has been so industriously circulated from West Fortieth Street in New York City.

But the result sought by all this propaganda will have come to naught and will fail utterly of achievement, unless such an exemption can be secured. It is unbelievable that it will be attempted; it is unthinkable that any such effort to make the war a side issue, and the building industry the real issue, should be pushed to such a point. Carried on by Americans it would be more deadly than the most subtle pro-German propaganda ever carried on in this country, for it would weaken and divert our war-making power—it would betray the interests of the nation for the interests of a few. It would be nothing short of treason—of the most despicable kind.

This Journal serves the building industry. Not fawningly and with an eye to the crumbs, but fearlessly and with no eye at the present time except to the safety of this country and the sparing of every possible life in attaining the victory we seek. It cannot be dissuaded from that conception of its duty at any price, and it has the courage to believe that on this subject it has spoken the true mind of the industry it serves. C. H. W.

Reconstruction—What Does It Mean?

"A noiseless, patient spider,
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory, it stood, isolated;
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing—seeking the spheres, to connect them;
Till the bridge you will need be form'd—till the ductile anchor hold;
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my Soul."—WALT WHITMAN.

FOR some time, in this country, we have become familiar with the word "Reconstruction." Gradually, as the wreck and ruin of Germany's invasion and its dauntless resistance were surveyed; as the world was let to see a picture of the physical destruction wrought by the enginery of modern warfare; as the armies of the Allies slowly recovered sections of the torn and bleeding countryside of northern France; as the heaped-up ruins of towns and villages were wrested from the invaders, there came the immediate problem of repatriating the peasantry in order that the maimed and mangled fields might lend what measure of fertility they possessed to the sustenance of the nation. These pictures and these needs fell quickly upon the trembling sympathies of the United States. Nor were pity and sympathy left to waste their force or weakly to meditate where action was imperative. We became greatly interested in the problem and proposed many things, some of which were not at all wise. The American Red Cross at once created a branch of its extensive organization and set aside a considerable sum of money for dealing with this problem, temporary though might be the work that it should do. The real problem of reconstruction was still to come, as all could see.

Much of the work of temporary repatriation was lost in the recent German advances, and will now have to be done over again, but, in the meanwhile, the word "Reconstruction," through the dawning of many perceptions that had at first been missed, was acquiring a significance vastly larger than that which it possessed when the necessities of the physical problem first thrust themselves upon us and upon those with whom we stand in defence of the principles we profess.

The first great thrill of awakening to the larger meaning of that word which we at first rolled so familiarly and easily on our tongue—the first clear and striking perception of a problem which we had thought to solve by pouring enough money into the right channels, by designing new towns and villages wholesale, building them wholesale, and, in general, by giving another turn of the screw to our mechanistic organization or by adding a few more pounds to the pressure on the industrial engine which had already reached the bursting point, even though we could not detect it—the first inkling of these things came when the British Labor Party gave to the world its proposed measures looking toward reconstruction.

Our consciousness had already been quickened. The problem was seen to be something far more than the rehabilitation of devastated lands. England, which had not even been invaded, was far advanced in considerations of what she had come to sense as the onrushing problems of her post-war readjustments. There had even been vague stirrings in our own land, chiefly evidenced by a casual speculation or a decided intimation, by some, that we too would have our problems and that things would not be as they had been. But it is, perhaps, not far from true to say that, up to that time, no thrill had so permeated the hearts of the thinking men and women of the world of today as that which swept over their intelligence when they read the Program of Reconstruction which had been born at the hands of the workers of England. Here was unfolded the vision which all had been trying to piece together in their minds. Here were defined in simple terms, eloquent with the throb of purpose more human than that which has ever formed the base of any concept of Government, the precepts upon which there might be builded a society which should be the living expression of that theory of democracy which we now defend. Reconstruc-

tion became a word which was thenceforth to scatter its seed broadcast and to cause a germination of immeasurable intensity.

By and by we shall see, as we so often do, that it was not really the word for which we were looking; that it was quite unconsciously forced upon us by circumstances, and that we shall be often handicapped because of the fact that it does not wholly express the complete problem. But today it has acquired a meaning which is steadily being expanded, steadily being quickened with the warmth of a larger human concept, and we must let it bear us as far on our journey as its strength will permit.

The primal physical problem which gave it birth has become slowly impregnated with the germs of animate Life. The solution which we so bravely thought to depend upon architects and engineers, and upon the skill and swiftness with which they should plan; upon the speed and sureness with which they should be followed by those who hew to their line and build to their scale; upon the mountainous quantity of materials which only need to be assembled, ranged, and piled in colossal groups—all of this was seen to be only the organization of things, after all, and to be wanting an element the lack of which would make our effort as barren of the democratic result we seek, as all our effort of the past has been so helpless and ineffective to stay the ages of war, in unending succession. What is that element?

What, one may ask in reply, is the basic unit around which all our plans for reconstruction must revolve? It ought to be evident to the dullest mind that unless we can discover that basic unit and its needs, we can neither design, nor build, nor reconstruct anything which will be right. And, therefore, as we stand before the fragments of a world which we believe must be reconstructed, must we not search, as our first duty, for that unit, the finding of which is so vital to all that we propose to do? Alas! It seems an infinite task. As we first approach it, we seem to be caught in an inextricable tangle of complexities. The world seems overflowing with an unending stream of humans, each having his own needs. They defy all classification and seem to be quite unrelated one to another. The truth is, of course, that we are in reality searching for a type or unit of human life, although we do not for a long time suspect it, and it is quite natural that we should be utterly unsuccessful. Of human life there is no type, nor is there any unit which can be resolved into a basic quantity upon which accurate calculations may be made. As well try to determine the type of the waves of the sea, we say, and in the very saying of those words we gain a gleam of light. If the waves have no type, they at least have one thing in common—motion. Life has this quality, too, as we know it in humans, and although at first we may say that it has a different motion—since it has the power of locomotion—we shall finally come to see that there is a great similarity between the ceaseless rising and falling of the sea and the motion of life. The water, then, has need for motion. We know from chemistry that without this motion it would become stagnant—that the winds which play upon its surface are but the purifying forces which keep it clean.

Out of these simple phenomena how can we resolve an equation which will fit life? May it not be that, instead of seeking the type or the basic unit, we must seek for something else? Suppose, then, that instead of trying to find a primal quantity, as we have done in the past, based upon so many cubic feet of space in a tenement, or so many cubic feet of air to breathe in a school or a factory, or so much knowledge or opinion to be handed out as education, with so much allowed each day for food, and, by further attempting to confine that primal quantity by laws which throttle, bind, gag, and often kill—by conventions and customs which one generation discards as slyly and as gleefully as the preceding generation used them inhumanly —by an uncharitableness which seems to spring so easily from that smug belief in our own impeccability—suppose, then, that we really begin to try and find out what life needs.

What is the process of rightly feeding life? What are life's needs? And again we are caught in the same maze of bewildering details. The needs of life seem too abundant ever to be named or even numbered. But that ought to make it all the more clear that it is not our business to try and define the names and kinds of those needs, but their nature, as reduced to the simplest possible form. Fuel, we may say, is the primal need of life. Without it life could not exist. The body must have air, water, and food. We have no simpler term in which to

state the need than fuel, for physical life is a process of continuous combustion. We even have faith that earth will yield all fuel that life requires. Fuel we may then leave as a need which requires no further definition of any kind.

But what then? What, having insured the preservation of the fleshly body, remains to be defined as a need? And here, again, we are tempted sorely to enumerate and to define in detail, and yet our answer must be found in a term just as simple and just as all-embracing as food. If we start upon a search for material things, we shall lose the clue at the start. That is where the Great Failure always begins. We forget that we need things only as a sort of collateral aid toward the realization of that other need. That things are, after all, but steps upon the road, and that, both in their creation and in their enjoyment, we are striving to satisfy a need which, in our ordinary daily life seems to have passed into the domain of our sub-conscious selves, only to be felt and realized in the fullness of its inevitable demand, when we are brought face to face with a great life or death experience. When we feel that unless we can satisfy that need, life will become unendurable. Let us, then, try to state this other need in a single word and agree, for at least a moment, that what life needs is to love!

If we agree, then we must admit that nothing is possible without a provision for amply and fully satisfying that need. To say that life needs work, or play, as we usually do when we attempt to define and classify, is merely to assert that these are the great arteries that nourish and sustain the healthy body. Do we not know that in these things there is no health unless there be love? No man who does not love his work, either for itself, or who does not love the doing of it through love of something else, can ever gain his spiritual freedom or grow into the fullness of man. No one can play who does not love to play, and loving play is only a part of loving work. Indeed, we to whom beauty has come to mean so much, no matter in what form she greets us, know very well that between the beauty we know in art and the beauty we find in loving work, there is an unmistakable kinship with play. In doing any work well, for the sake of doing it well, the worker could rarely say whether he was working or playing. But, whether consciously or unconsciously, he or she surely would be loving at such a moment. Is it not in that simple condition, with its accompaniment of joy and of freedom, that we must look for the answer to that problem which we now seek to solve in terms of nations and of races, of autocracies and democracies, of taxation and profits, of consumption and production. They reel through the columns of our daily press like manikins, unfleshed, dehumanized, and no more related to a consideration of the real needs of life than the pen is related to the sword. They are all things, grouped and regrouped, stowed and restowed, classified and reclassified, measured and remeasured, with the same amount of human relation bestowed upon them that the adding machine gives to figures. Yet, in the world of today, many are still and persistently thinking of reconstruction in those terms, so long has all thought of life and life's needs been missing from any of their calculations.

That the prime spiritual need of life is to love requires not to be demonstrated. As a need, sometimes consciously known and followed to the death, sometimes unconsciously accepted and quite as blindly followed, it lies at the basis of all the religious movements which have swept like waves over the surface of that vast ocean which has rolled through the ages since life was. Looking backward we can visualize that measureless sea of faces, upturned, seeking something, animate or inanimate, human or divine, visible or imagined, to love. Is it not the one manifestation of life that stands out above and beyond all others, as we contemplate the world which has been, and which is, and is yet to be?

Today we exalt love of country above all other love, setting it above love of wife and child for the man, above love of husband and son for the woman. Setting it indescribably above the love of human possessions, and even setting it above love of truth and justice, for men still say, "My country, right or wrong." Now, if we so dare to say what the highest love shall be, then how can we fear to seek the solution of the problem of reconstruction by starting from the point where we say that the test is applied. We might state the problem in the most practical way and quite easily come to an agreement, if we believe what we say, since if love of country be the highest type, then our unending effort should be to stimulate and inspire that love. Surely we cannot deny the

part it plays in our lives, when we are face to face with such cosmic cataclysms as that which now shakes the world.

To those who so love, and who lay down their lives in that love, we accord the highest praise which we know how to confer, since we immortalize them in our national life. And they, in their love, are made wholly and completely free, for they serve without thought of gain or profit, or of fear of suffering. Death cannot appal them, and they greet it with an open heart.

But if we hold that the great need of life is to love, many will ask what they are to love? And many will arise to tell them. Thus begins the Second Act of the Great Failure. This question which has troubled life since time began has no slightest terror for all but a handful of men. It seems so easy to prescribe in a matter apparently so simple, and so, in our stupidity and our egoism, we have determined and defined not only what men shall love, but what they shall not love. Most of these determinations we have embodied in laws, or enshrined in conventions, or dogmatized in creeds, or framed as canons of art, or taste. But if we really mean to build a society in which the need to love shall be wholly satisfied, we must not begin by saying what men shall love or how they shall love it. Love has as many different tendrils as there are lives in the world. It has its own method of climbing and entwining itself. It follows its own laws and from them can never be swerved. Our fault is always in not trusting it. We say that it is bad or wrong to love some things and good and fine to love others. The truth is that love can never be wrong, nor can it attach itself to anything which is not good. The moment you try to insist, or pervert, or regulate and control it, love flees like the wind. Sometimes you hear the echo of a silvery laughter floating down the sky. Oftener you catch the faint murmur of a sob, childlike and filled with the note of the great tragedy—"and with no language but a cry."

If this is love's way—and it is—then our task is to provide the branches to which those infinitely varied tendrils may cling. Where do they grow? How can they be made to grow? What tree should we plant? What seeds should we sow?

Alas, one tree is always with us. It is the one tree in the world of life with which healthy men and women cannot escape the contact. It is called Work. It is the natural object of love, is Work, but we have made it so unlovely that there is little about it to inspire the great mass of workers, and everything about it to make them hate and despise it. And being denied this natural outlet for their greatest need, we fill the world with the hydra-headed monster of repression and suppression. To keep him from devouring society alive and from sweeping it from the face of the earth, we feverishly seek to appease it with a thousand forms of diversion. They range from the elaborate and the costly to the stupid, the vulgar, the suggestive. We work only to escape work! Love has gone out of it, because we would not let it be an end in itself but blindly made it a means to another and unlovely end.

In the midst of this ceaseless turmoil, this unending Babel of our prisoned life, this agonizing flutter of our pinioned wings, we hear, swelling above the composite murmur of the throng, the strident voices of those who continually do cry: "My religion will save you!" "My art will save you!" "I will save you with a tariff!" "I will save you with Free Trade!" "I will save you with better houses!" "I will save you with higher wages!" "I will save you with This Law, and That Law, and no Other Law can save you!"

By and by, for a moment, there comes a great silence, as though all the saviours had taken deep counsel together, and then there comes the loudest clamor of all: "We must educate the public."

Underneath the fragment of sincerity which actually does exist, pitifully isolated in the self-seeking which animates the majority who follow the various banners, we do get in each of these cries the clear note of an unselfish purpose. But the reason—if reason we may call it—which inspires most of those who desire to accomplish this education of the public, springs from their wish for an appreciation of that thing in life which is dearest or most profitable to them. Let us say, for example, that it is architecture. But let us then ask, in return, how can there ever again be any really great architecture without love of work? What made the great architecture we love except the love of building for its own sake, or the love of building well because of a deeper love of something else.

From the greatest monument in the world to the lowliest thatched cottage which charms us with its humanity, we cannot fail to see that the structure itself was born of the love of something, and that generally it inspired the workers who built it to so love their work that beauty flowed from it like clear water from a spring.

We essay to regain that art of producing beauty in structure, and yet the path we take leads in quite the opposite direction, for we make the work of rearing it less and less inspiring to the mass of workers through whose hands the materials must pass. They have no love to put into their work, and as a consequence the beauty which we seek is not there. We attribute it to lack of appreciation, to lack of education, to an absence of encouragement, and to the general commercial apathy toward all things which do not produce a profit. But, on the other hand, how can a small group of enthusiasts—and I do not speak of that smallest of groups wherein are found those who love architecture in sincerity and whose effort toward its restoration as the servant of men is born of their love for the art and not their wish to increase their earnings or add to their reputation—how can this group which deals for the most part in the echoes of a life that was, persuade the world to love their work when the world has, for the great part, been prevented from really learning to love the essential methods by which great architecture has alone been produced? When it has been prevented from really learning to love anything, and led to seek an escape from all true work and the thought of it?

The need to love has been suppressed at the very source of the stream, for work is the primal tool of man. The right to love has been so defined and so determined by law and by custom that the unnatural has superseded the natural. Men try to love this thing or that, because they are told that they should love it. They refuse to love other things because they are told not to. Their own natural and unquenchable need to love never takes to its own wings and soars into unknown and uncharted seas, and thus the spirit atrophies, like any other unused thing, and becomes dead within us. It is that with which we are trying to reconstruct the world—dead spirit—and our only hope now is that through the tears and wounds of war, we shall be made whole again. That we shall see, at last, in the glass.

*"Love is doubtless the last and most difficult lesson that humanity has to learn; in a sense it underlies all the others. Perhaps the time has come for the modern nations when, ceasing to be children, they may even try to learn it. . . . Hitherto we have hardly thought whether there were any inner laws or not; our thoughts have been fixed on the outer; and the Science of Love, if it may so be called, has been strangely neglected. Yet, if, putting aside for a moment all convention and custom, one will look quietly within himself, he will perceive that there are most distinct and inviolable inner forces, binding him by ties to different people, and with different and inevitable results according to the quality and the nature of the affection bestowed—that there is in fact in that world of the heart a kind of cosmical harmony and variety—and an order almost astronomical.

". . . Love is, as we have said, a real fact and its own justification and—however various or anomalous or unusual may be the circumstances and combinations under which it appears, it demands and has to be treated by Society with the utmost respect and reverence—as a law unto itself, probably the deepest and most intimate law of human life, which only in the most exceptionable cases, if at all, may public institutions venture to interfere with."

"As a law unto itself!" As a law which we have so codified, dogmatized, bent to the needs of feeding our insatiable mechanistic maw, that it has been warped and twisted out of all recognition, and become bereft of all power to take its way according to its law. Hardly does it know what it needs, beyond the vague effort to cast the ductile anchor where it will hold. Rarely does it find that haven, save after years of battling in the arena where men match their cunning against that of others, without thought of the blighting forces they let loose to bind and imprison the souls of those who, rather than being made free men by their work, are made the most abject of slaves. And yet, no less slaves are those who in turn have reduced them to slavery. It is all slavery. No one is free. All are caught in the giant mesh.

**Love's Coming of Age.* Edward Carpenter.

How strange to be writing this in the hope that it may be published in an architectural publication! What, will its readers say, has love to do with architecture? And being architects, or lovers of the arts, as they mostly are, their question will be reasonable, if of question my poor effort has still left them in need.

But one can only answer by saying that the word "Reconstruction" has opened up a path in a once impassable wood. All are free to pursue that path as far as their spirit may lead. Today, only the more resolute and dauntless are beginning to hew their way. We catch the glimmer of their tools, as the letters come across the sea to us at home. They are seeing where soldiers have never seen before. The war has lighted their path and made the dark morasses to yield up their secrets. Across their way, like a cloud by day, we seem to see floating the ancient saying. It hovers silently over the wilderness of noxious weeds, poisonous vines, seductive blossoms, and appears to glow with a mysterious light, from neither sun nor moon nor star. There stand the words, long, long, forgot—"Man does not live by bread alone."

What does it mean? A thousand answers rise to each thousand pairs of lips, as one by one each tries to define, in words, the content of that saying. Yet all art of language fails utterly—all our skill at twisting words is of no avail. There is but one answer, no matter in what language we clothe it or with what fragments of thought we attempt to dress it up and make it look profound, and superior, and important—and ourselves look wise. In its very simplicity lies all its strength. Shatter that and you have broken the glass from which the wine will be gone.

Man must love, to live, is the only answer we can make to those who will not be content with the thought as it has come down to us. We cannot in any way make clearer than they are, those words which were born in minds whose very simplicity and humility made them infinitely more profound than ours, loaded up as they are with such a heterogeneous mass of things that we have no profundity left. What we cannot find on top of the pile must perforce go unfound—otherwise the frail raft on which we flounder would be upset. Never could it survive the search which would disturb the pile as we have built it. Any disarrangement, and we and our goods would tumble into the sea.

Therefore, one feels like repeating, Reconstruction, which is the word to which we are now committed, implies a starting-point—a basic unit around which to build—a new and ever-continuing growth destined to leave one habitation after another and for which we must leave the way free and clear, taking care that in no way shall the natural law be interfered with. We cannot, manifestly, begin at that starting-point, even if we should be successful in finding it. There is no possible way of beginning all over again by wiping the present slate clean and burning all our bridges behind us. When the time comes for that to happen, another force will arrange and execute the wiping and the burning. Some of those bridges have been burned, we hope and believe, since we have now seen their futility and even their dangerous nature. But, for the most part, our way of working still must be to try and recover—by which many will perhaps think that Recovering is the word with which we should have informed our quest—to work carefully toward that starting-point until we have at last undone the wrong which has ended in condemning man to live by bread alone.

But let us be careful in this effort to undo. It is not to be accomplished by the simple addition of more laws to those we have. On the contrary we need to begin the process of gradually erasing our laws and of substituting therefor another and more potent mainspring to human action. One by one, we must blot them out, slowly increasing the measure of our freedom until we are able to possess and wholly enjoy it.

From a society which sets out upon such a quest as that, we may expect an architectural development which shall transcend all that has gone before. From a world which perversely clings to the worship of things and to the enslavement of men in their production and use, we may expect nothing save the muddled echoes of those who continually do cry out their witless protest.

But, one may ask, how can we begin? How shall we walk in order to work our way through the tangle and bend our steps toward the starting-point? A question which might well lead to another article if the editor thinks it justifiable.—B.

THE HOME OF FRANK MILES DAY AT MT. AIRY NEAR PHILADELPHIA

Frank Miles Day

A REMEMBRANCE

By ANDREW F. WEST, Princeton University

HIS home in the lovely countryside near Philadelphia was the center and symbol of his life. There his house, built on clean and quiet lines and settled amid the shadows of tall trees, looks on a bright garden of old-style beauty, soon merging into open glades of green, and so on to the woodland beyond, with here and there a receding vista of hill and dale; and all in the full glow of summer the day he was laid to rest.

His life, like his home, was joyous and yet tranquil. His quick and buoyant nature had three deep impulses, a love of art, of nature, and of friendship, and these three were fused in one. Adventurous, yet no adventurer, imaginative, yet no wild dreamer, very practical, but not without vision, historical, but not an imitator, he guided and balanced all impulses and turned them into stable achievements by his vigorous good sense. This was the sure guide which directed his master passions and lighted all his way. And this is why his work has in it the promise of perpetuity.

Others will tell better the story of his whole career with all its honors; yet we may speak a little here of his last work in Princeton, because it shows his excellence so fully. Here no detail is so small as to miss his notice and no part is made so important as to blur the meaning of the whole. Tower and cloister, archway, gable and window, stand or face or soar or recede, each as they should and all together as they should, while over all rests the spell of scenic enchantment. It is a living creation, a true re-creation of old beauty, the beauty of our ancestral academic homes across the sea, invit-

ing, domestic, appealing, the immemorial charm of the old colleges of England where

> "Still by the tower the pigeons flutter,
> Still by the gateway flits the gown,
> Still from corbel and angle and gutter
> Faces of stone look down."

These new halls will grow in charm with the lapse of time, and perhaps some late-born traveler may say of them what once an old scribe wrote: *Quo vetustior eo venustior*—"the older, the lovelier." What better word of praise could their designer covet?

He had a genius for friendliness. He could not help having friends any more than he could help being sensible, studious, observant, considerate, and lovable. So, too, his inborn love of nature had in it a friendliness for even the least of God's creatures and a joy in their presence. A tireless lover of the woods and fields, of every plant and bird and flower, he found here refreshment for his spirit and new delights to quicken his love of art. And here his intimate friendship for the poets, whose pages he knew so well, served him day by day in his joyous progress. I wonder if he did not know by heart those perfect lines of contentment

> "For fire and running water,
> Snowfall and summer rain;
> For sunsets and quiet meadows,
> The fruit and the standing grain;
> For the solemn hour of moonrise
> Over the crest of trees,
> When the mellow lights are kindled
> In the lamps of the centuries,
>
> "For art and learning and friendship,
> Where beneficent truth is supreme,
> Those everlasting cities
> Built on the hills of dream;
> For all things growing and goodly
> That foster this life, and breed
> The immortal flower of wisdom
> Out of the mortal seed."

When an artist dies the world seems darker for awhile. It is like the sadness when music ceases. No commonplaces about the artist surviving in his work are enough to cheer us. But if we can believe that no soul of truth and beauty ever really dies, we are then consoled, and are also inspired to go on to the newer work, well assured that the work of him who left us is prophetic and will in some way be greatly fulfilled.

Frank Miles Day was born in Philadelphia on April 5, 1861, the son of Charles and Anna (Miles) Day. On the paternal side Mr. Day claimed kinship with an English ancestry, his father having come to the United States from Kent, England. On the maternal side, Mr. Day traced his lineage back to Radnorshire, Wales, whence came one Griffith Miles, settling in Radnor, Montgomery County, Pa., some six years before William Penn reached our shores.

Mr. Day was educated at the Rittenhouse Academy and at the Department of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated as valedictorian in 1883. He continued his studies during three years of travel in England, France, and Italy, at the Royal Academy and the South Kensington Museum, and finally in the office of Basil Champneys, London. Returning to Philadelphia he there opened an office in 1888, for a time being associated with his brother, Mr. H. Kent Day, and of late years with Mr. Charles Z. Klauder.

He was president of the American Institute of Architects during the years 1906 and 1907. He was an Honorary Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, an associate of the National Academy of Design, member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and a trustee of the American Academy in Rome. In 1916 he received the degree of M. A. from Yale University, and at the commencement of the University of Pennsylvania this year he was to have been present to receive the degree of Doctor of Science which had already been conferred upon him.

Mr. Day's services to the Institute cannot be overestimated. They were extraordinary in their range and always characterized by a sense of devotion and loyalty to the Institute's ideals which marked his professional career. Time may well declare that the volume of his labor of this kind was greater during the period of his membership than during the term of his presidency, for in no other way was his loyalty so well evidenced than in the manner in which he left the high office of president and took his place in the ranks. One of the most important things upon which he was engaged, even up to the moment of his death, was the book on Professional Practice, one day to be published by the Journal—a book which may quite likely prove to be epoch-making in the study of the science of architecture.

At the University of Pennsylvania and at Harvard University, Mr. Day had been a lecturer on architecture, and for many years he was professor of perspective at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He was supervising architect of Yale University and Johns Hopkins University, and with his firm was supervising executive architect at Delaware College, New York University, Pennsylvania State College, and the University of Colorado. The work of his firm at Princeton University has been accorded a praise as lavish and widespread as it was deserved, and in addition to this already long list of collegiate associations, there is also to record the large group of buildings for Wellesley, now in process, the work at Cornell, and that at the University of Pennsylvania. Perhaps Mr. Day's association with American architecture and his influence upon the period of decay which was culminating at about the time when he began to practise, have nowhere been better summed up than in an apprecia-

FRANK MILES DAY—A REMEMBRANCE

THE HOME OF FRANK MILES DAY AT MT. AIRY NEAR PHILADELPHIA

tion which appeared in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, shortly after his death, and from which we quote as follows:

"When Mr. Day began practice in the late eighties, architecture was in process of being discovered by the American people as a vital, creative art. The public was awakening to an interest in its possibilities through the work of men inspired by foreign travel and study, or their pupils. These pioneers of the new age were men of vigor and originality, but the work of many of them was unhappily marred by an unrestrained individualism. This was a natural reaction from the unimaginative and commonplace character of prevailing architecture, but its excess of freedom developed eccentricity and degenerated, in the hands of less able imitators, into a confusion worse confounded with ignorant vulgarity. In no city was this more evident than in Philadelphia, whose character of staid repression had been swept aside in the movement of revolt which, starting in healthy reaction against tradition, steadily descended, in a striving for originality, toward chaos through ignorance of the real meaning of architecture: a declaration of independence followed by anarchy rather than an ordered freedom.

"At this moment, as though dramatically timed by fate, there appeared exactly the force needed to turn this vigorous and fundamentally wholesome impulse into the right channels; a force which gave to Philadelphia an architecture so fine and true that it was destined to have national influence. Frank Miles Day and a little group of contemporaries of similar tastes and training here entered upon active practice—Walter Cope, John Stewardson and Wilson Eyre. Each had the genuine sense of architecture and was possessed of rare artistic gifts and all had traveled abroad and gained that knowledge of the principles and masterpieces of their art which through its discipline and inspiration guides and stimulates the creative impulse of the true architect. The work done by these men, some of it in coöperation and all in an atmosphere of mutual sympathy and common ideals, was so good that it arrested attention; so fresh and charming, so true to the spirit of architecture and free from its pedantries, that it won the instant approval of thoughtful and discerning people and was accepted as a right standard of performance in architecture.

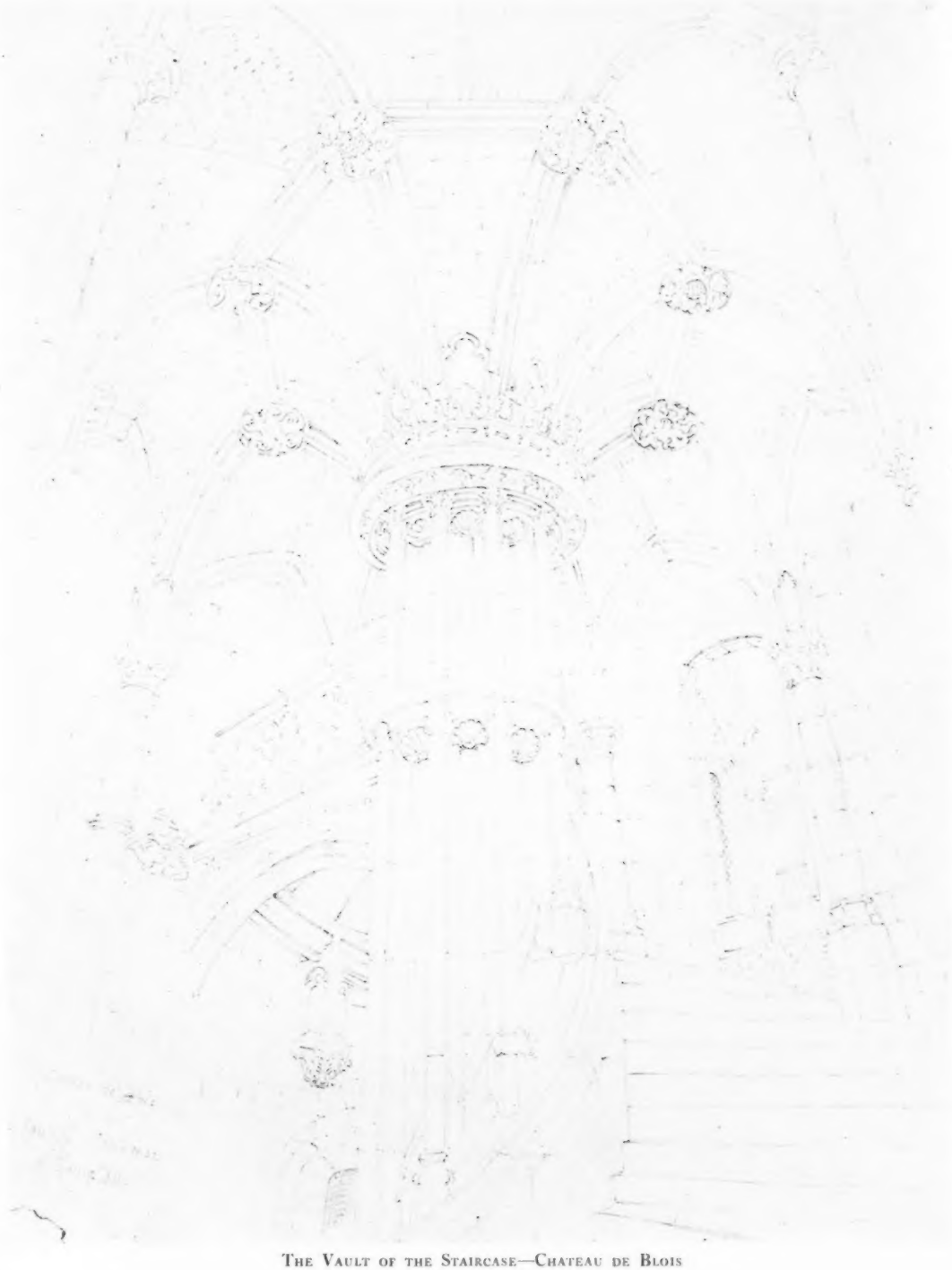
"To this result Mr. Day's contribution was vital. The consistently high level maintained by the work of his office shows always the influence of his qualities: a fine enthusiasm and love of study, grasp of the essentials of a problem and insight into the essence of style and character; erudition combined with a facility for finding fresh and novel modes of treatment and, perhaps above all, the critical faculty guided by a supremely true taste."

The illustrations of Mr. Day's house and garden are from photographs by his own hand. The drawings are from the sketch-books of his student days in Europe and disclose a talent which he was not generally known to possess in so rare a degree.

The Giovanelli Palace—Venice

The Bigallo—Florence

Drawings from the Student Sketch Books of Frank Miles Day



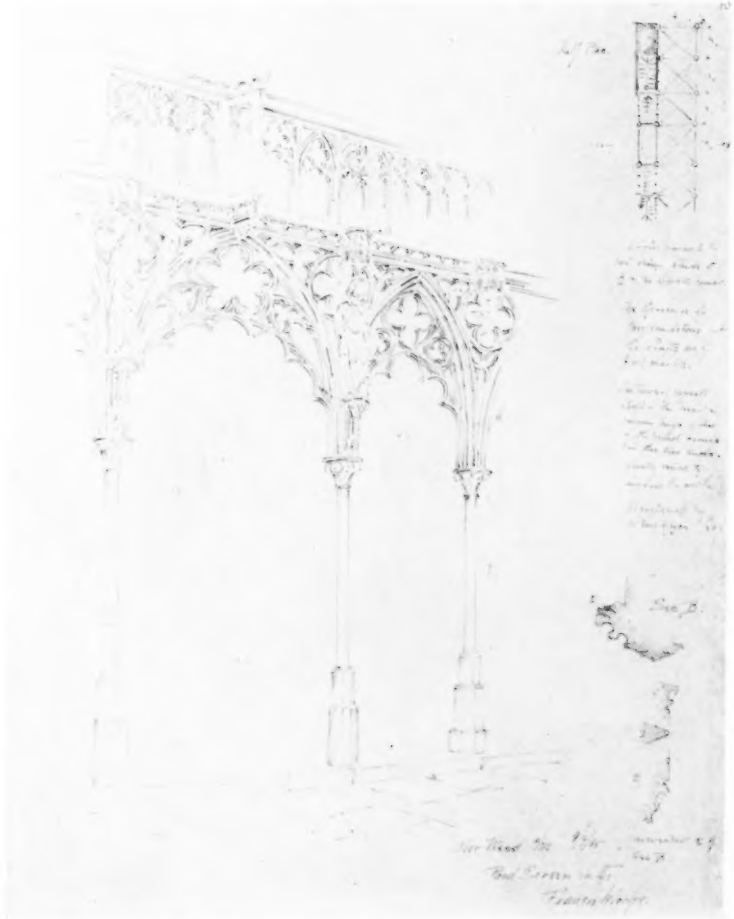
THE VAULT OF THE STAIRCASE—CHATEAU DE BLOIS
A Student Drawing by Frank Miles Day

Albrecht Durer's House—Nürnberg

A House—Nürnberg

Drawings from the Student Sketch Books of Frank Miles Day

"Portail St. Julians"—Siena



Rood Screen in the Frauenkirche—Ober Wesel

Drawings from the Student Sketch Books of Frank Miles Day

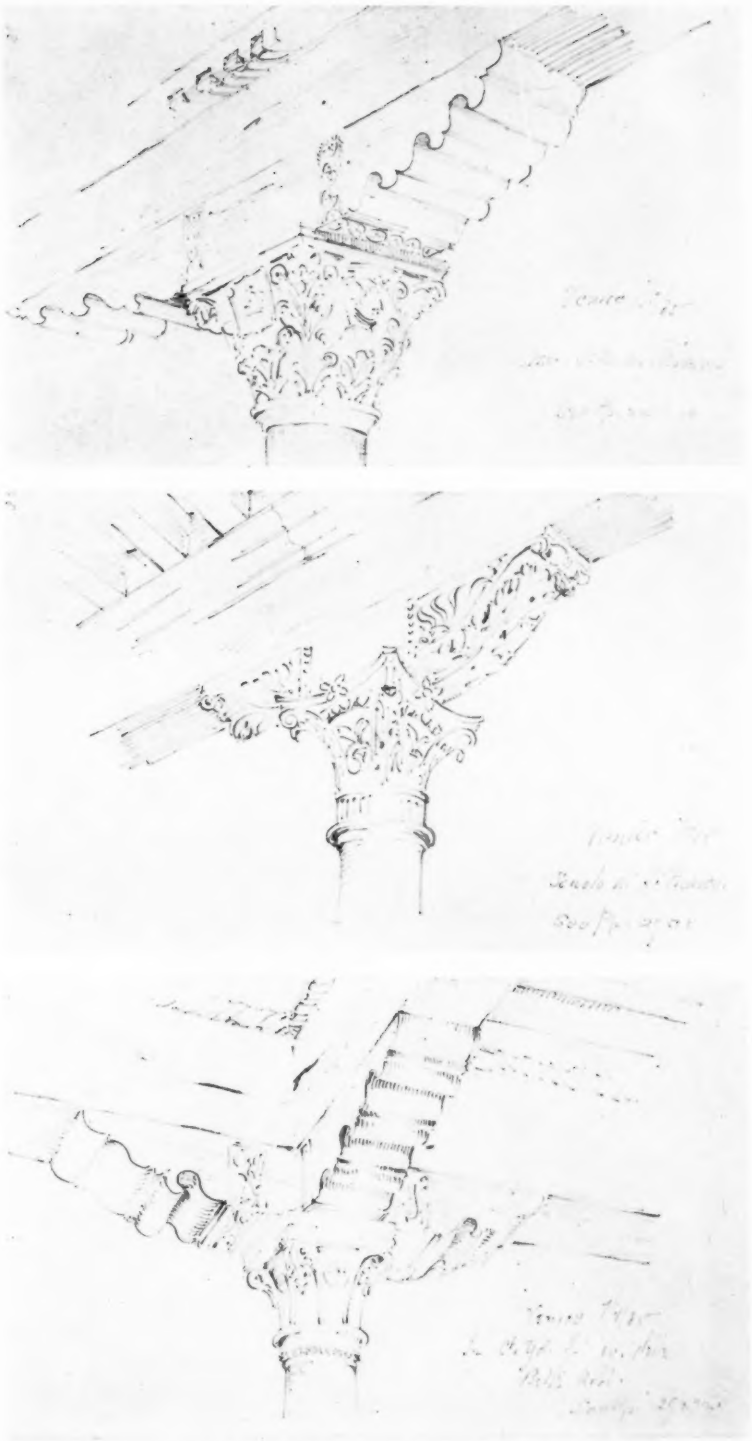
S. M. DEI MIRACOLI—VENICE
A Student Drawing by Frank Miles Day

A House—Boppard
Drawing from the Student Sketch Books of Frank Miles Day

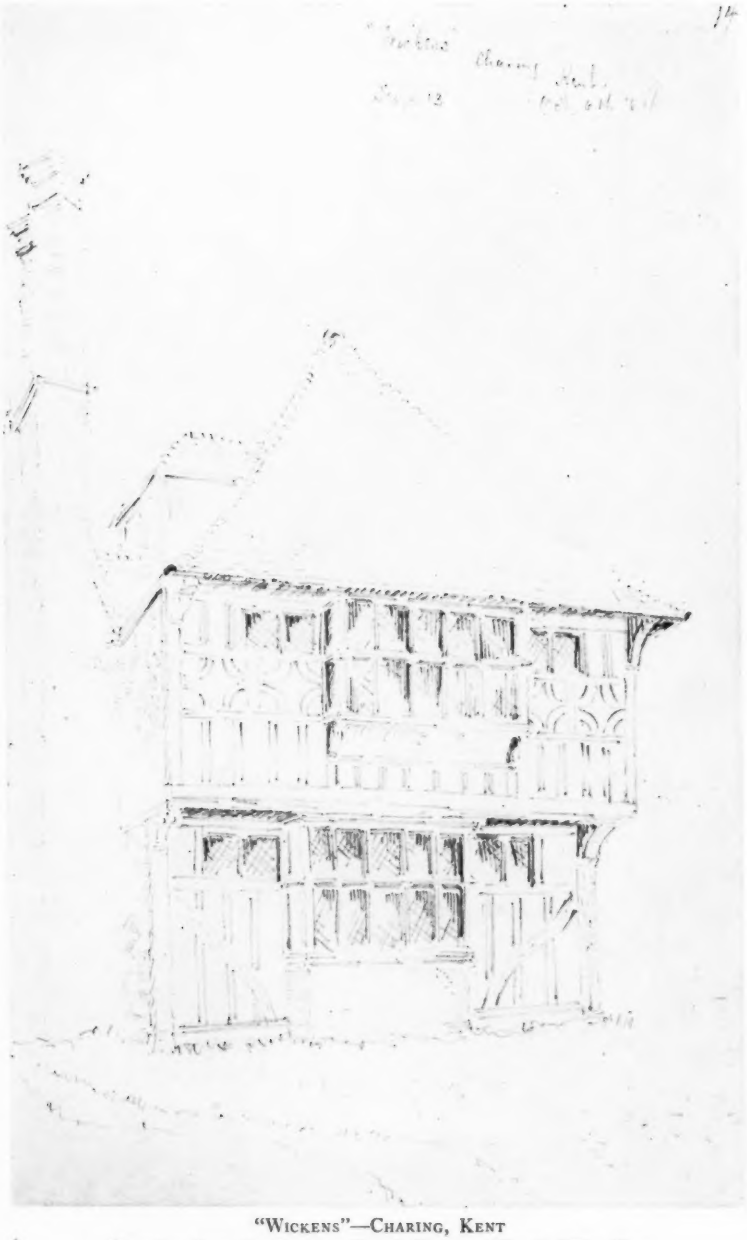
Hofkirch—Bozen

St. Werner's Chapel—Ober Wesel

Drawings from the Student Sketch Books of Frank Miles Day



THREE CAPITALS—(Top), NEAR S. M. DEI MIRACOLI; (middle), SCUOLO DI S. MARCO; (bottom), ACAD. DELLE BELLI ARTI—VENICE
Drawings from the Student Sketch Books of Frank Miles Day



"Wickens"—Charing, Kent
Drawing from the Student Sketch Books of Frank Miles Day

SEGOVIA—THE ALCAZAR

From a photograph by E. H. Lowber

Early Churches of Spain

By GEORGIANNA GODDARD KING

I. SEGOVIA

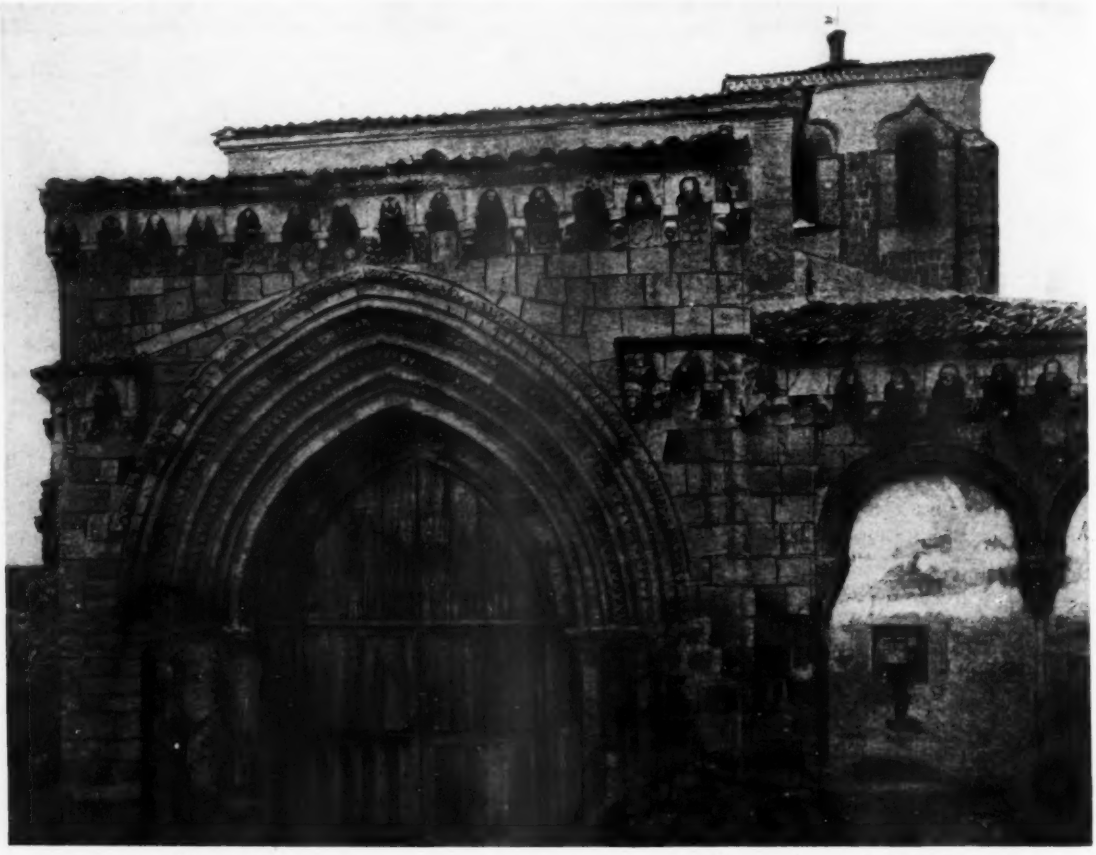
AT THE back of Segovia, the mountains raise a long spine, amethystine in the clear air; about the base of Segovia lisp fresh trees, and grass springs green beside cool running water; in the high, cold blue, full clouds sail; and, like the prow of a ship, the city juts into the plain. For the Spaniards, who know how precious is every rustling tree, every stubborn patch of turf, the soft park that stretches along the Eresma from S. Maria de las Huertas to El Parral is half a miracle, and their proverb runs from garden to vine-garth, *de las Huertas al Parral, Paraiso terrenal.* There the still waters of the weir attest the proverb that Calderon used for a title; and the current still grinds the signoral mill. Here once Philip II set up a mint and begged for workmen from his imperial cousin in Austria, and, at the last, the foreigners all died off but one old man, but the coins were struck and stamped by the sliding waters. In the valley of the Clamores, on the other side of the rock, city streets and a grass-market held under white canvas are spanned by the noble aqueduct of the Romans. The Archpriest of Hita came hither in an evil hour, between the time when the Romans disappeared and the time when a clever young monk, who was an engineer, repaired the aqueduct for the Catholic king and queen, Ferdinand and Isabel; he complained that there was no good drinking-water in Segovia, nor wells, nor fountains, and, having spent all his money, like other country folk when they come to a capital, he withdrew again to his mountains. Wells of some sort there must always have been, however, pierced through the stiff clay, for the tawny city withstood many sieges from without, and yet more in civil fighting, when one quarter was arrayed against another, and street against street. In 1072 the town had been besieged by Moors, and thereafter it lay long deserted, says the Toledan Annalist, and in 1088 it was repeopled. The first bishop to sit there, after four hundred years, was installed in the See, 1119, on S. Paul's Day, in the month of January.

Quaint reading affords this unknown clerk of

Toledo, who died too early in the thirteenth century. He was a friend, perhaps, of the great Archbishop D. Roderick that made history at the king's bridle-hand and then wrote it out in Latin, and, lastly, again, in Romance, for the last entry in the annals tells about him.

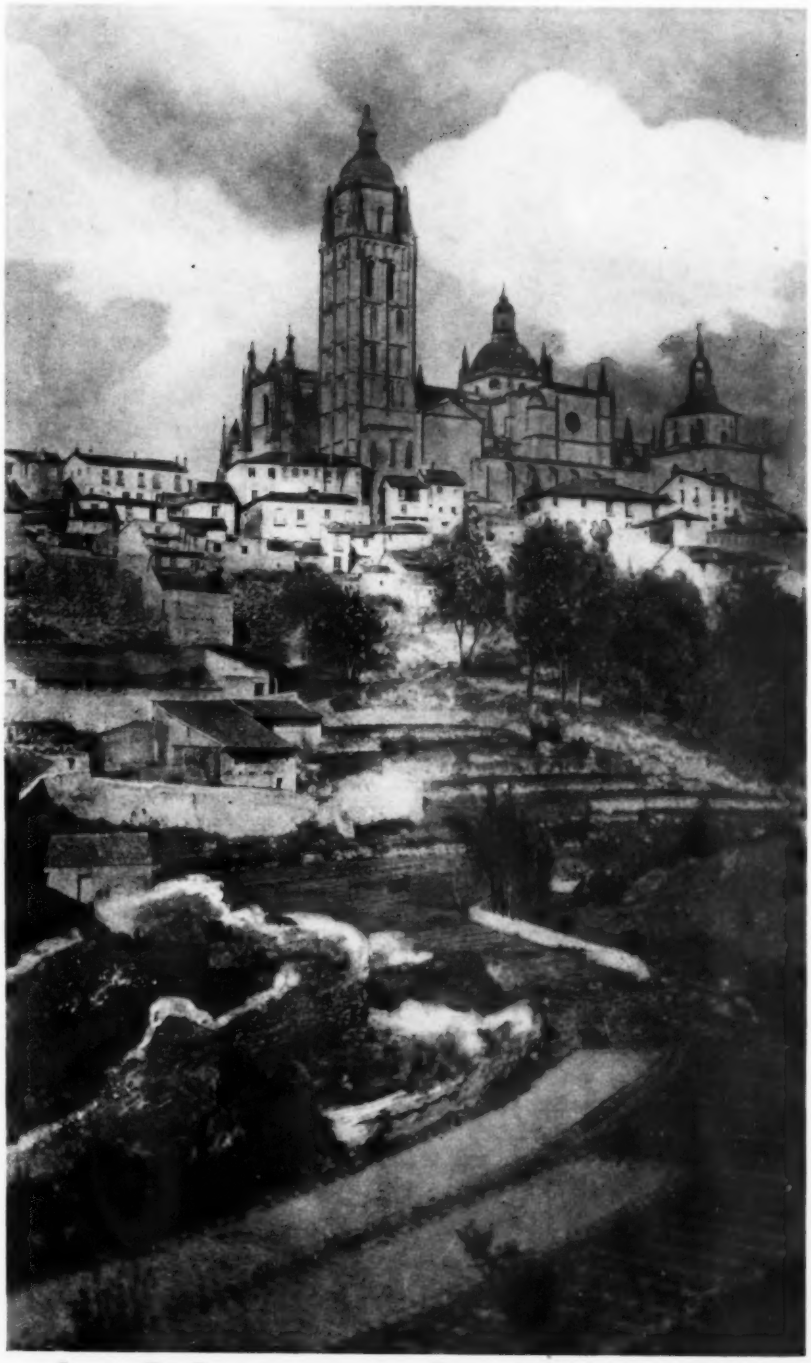
A plain sort of person, we make out, for all his writing and his care for great moments and the deaths of heroes, who farmed his own patch of mountainside and river-bottom. Of the year 1213 he writes that there was freezing weather, steadily, from October till February, and there was no rain in March nor thence on through June, "never was there so bad a year, and we gathered no wheat, none of us." Next year the king of Castile and the king of Leon made peace, and made a pact to march against the Moors, each on his own frontier; so the king of Leon borrowed a leader, took Alcantara, tried for Caceres, but failed, and went home again. The king of Castile, who was besieging Baeza, asked him to execute a diversion in the south, but no. In the autumn, Alfonso of Castile had taken a town, had killed many Moors and many Mooresses, and had driven off much cattle, but in January he lay three weeks before Baeza and could not take it. Horses died, and mules, and she-mules, and asses, and the folk ate them, and thereafter the folk died of hunger. In that time a measure of grain cost sixty sols. And the host came up to Toledo; and the famine was in the kingdom till summer, and most of the folk died; and they ate the beasts and the dogs and the cats, and what children they could steal. This was in Toledo, and wheat went up to ——." Oddly, however, he never set down the figure, leaving it, presumably, to be verified—a trustworthy chronicler.

These are the years when Vera Cruz of Segovia was lately finished, and perhaps S. Millan, and



SEGOVIA—A DOORWAY

From a photograph by E. H. Lowber



SEGOVIA—THE CATHEDRAL From a photograph by E. H. Lowber

S. Martin must have been a-building. Brief are the entries of things that must not be forgotten: one king's marriage, another's death; how the convent of Oña was founded; how in such a year the Moors took Osma. In 1017 died the Count D. Sancho, he who gave the good laws; in 1019 they killed the Infant D. Garcia in Leon. In 1094, My Cid took Valencia; anon, in 1109, died My Cid el Campeador in Valencia. Over leaf, there stands how, in 1111, Alvar Fañez took Cuenca from the Moors in the month of July; then how, in 1113, the Segovians, right after Low Sunday, killed Alvar Fañez. He was the nephew of My Cid and the closest in his confidence, who had ridden out with him into exile and brought back his daughters, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, from the wood of Corpes when the Infants of Carrion had used them shamefully; and led his armies on the day when My Cid scattered the Moors once more from before his dead face; and yet, at the last, they of Segovia murdered him. The Cid's men were "of the Mountain," old Castilians, to king and king's men rough and bitter, and so the story stands. Most likely it is true.

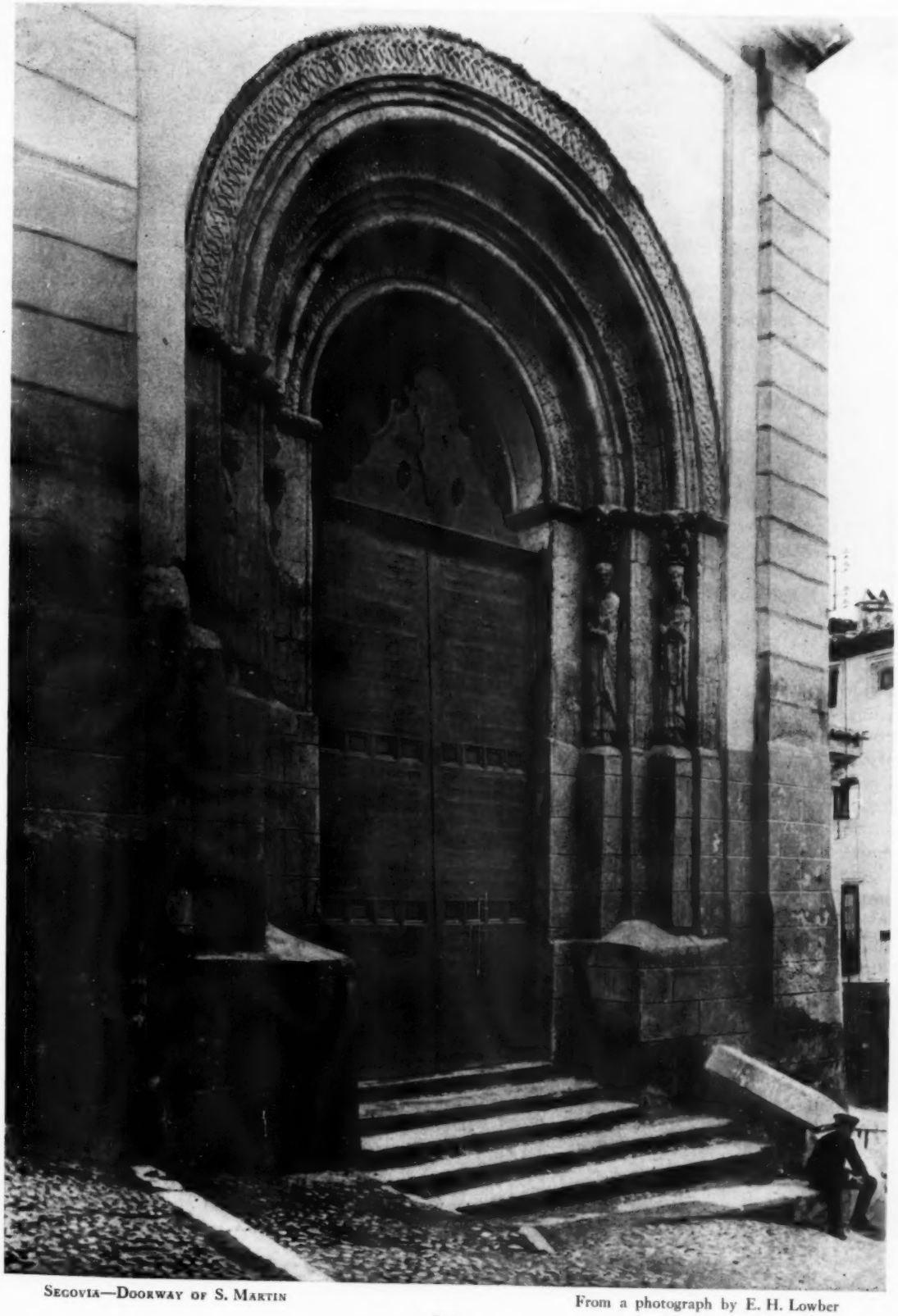
At the dawn of the thirteenth century was finished the Templars' church at Segovia, which lies across the river where, out on the dusty plain, a white road climbs wearily to the far horizon; on the tympanum may still be seen the double-barred cross that belonged to the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. It seems that the Knights of Christ possessed a relic of the true cross and built this sanctuary to enshrine it, without a memory of the East, except in the actual planning of the church as centripetal and concentric. At the heart, below, a low-vaulted chamber stands and supports a lofty upper sanctuary where a symbolic sepulchre is set for an emblem and an altar, and the ribbing betrays Mozarabic hands. The four ribs cross to leave the central space free. Windows, as at Torres, are pierced in the haunch of the dome, and not below it; beneath, a lofty aisle turns about the central structure. The Spaniards showed at one moment a fancy for these annular vaults, circular or pointed; one such may be seen at S. Maria de Cambre, and others in early Cistercian work at Moreruela and Melón where, as here, windows are pierced through the curving vault to light the ambulatory.

Eastward project strongly the three parallel apses that Spanish Romanesque can so hardly spare, and, to the southeast, a square tower that affords in its lowest story another chapel. Add to this that, though the central fabric is a true lantern, the roof of it hardly shows above the high face of the outer walls, and these are finished at every angle with pilaster buttresses set on the axis of the ribs inside, and with a cornice on arches and corbels like all the parish churches.

It is a poor forlorn place now; the keys are always somewhere else, the guardians always out of the way; but with its strange acceptance of intentions outlandish and international, its stubborn adaptation, notwithstanding, of the exotic to the regional, it sits out there in the white and arid land like Rachel in Rama with dust upon her head, and will sit. It waits as though for the Templars, who left in 1312, to come home and unlock the door again. In that high, pure air it would seem that even mortality could hardly know corruption, that it is proof against time, like the work of Arnaut Cadell "*qui claustrum tale construxit perpetuale.*"

The parish churches of Segovia afford the perfect instance of what is meant by a regional style. No two are quite alike, and yet not one is different. In 1592, when Enrique Cock, the guardsman, was in Segovia with the escort of Philip II, there were, besides eleven monasteries and seven convents, twenty-three of these parish churches. The traveler today can easily run up his count above a dozen, though sometimes there will be little more than a doorway and, at others, not much beyond an apse or so. Some will have pointed arches and others round; some vaulted roofs and others timbered. With the mountain at their back, they had timber a-plenty in Segovia, in fact, better timber than stone.

The lordly, Romanesque S. Millan, which basks on its ochreous hillside above the silent bed of the Clamores, would seem to have been planned for such a grand timber roof, carried on alternate piers, as S. Miniato above the Arno; and the little church of S. Facundo, or another, where the Museum is, commences with a square apse of late Gothic and continues with a choice ceiling of artesonado; S. John of the Knights had always, belike, a timbered roof, and so had S. Lorenzo once, but now enjoys a moulded plaster ceiling of the seventeenth century; S. Martin,



SEGOVIA—DOORWAY OF S. MARTIN

From a photograph by E. H. Lowber

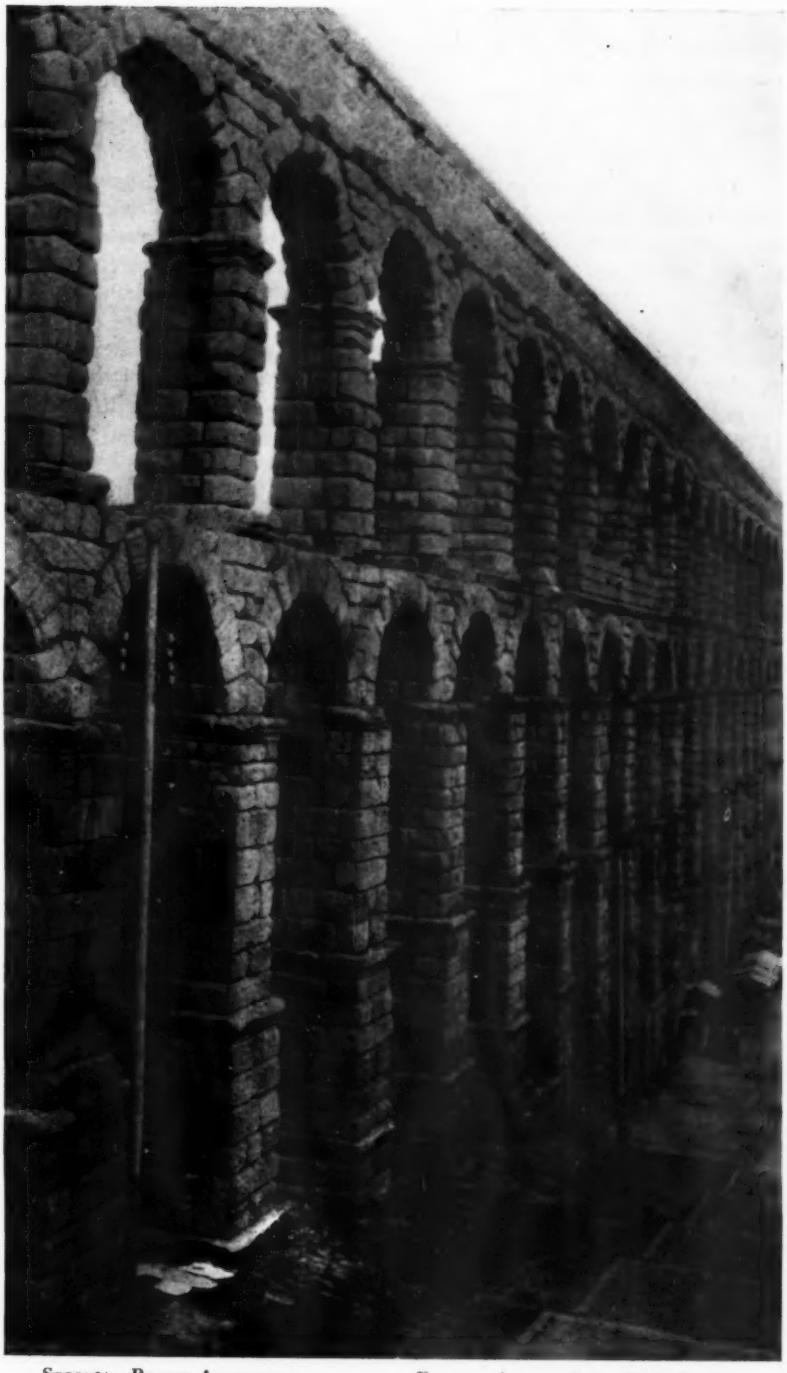
an extraordinary assemblage of dome, ribbed cross-vaulting, and barrel vaults which run toward all the quarters of the sky, but it seems likely that once three parallel and lofty barrel vaults buttressed each other, over nave and aisles of almost equal width. Towers go where chance may set them: at S. Millan and S. Lorenzo over the north transept; at S. Esteban over the south; at S. Andrés over the south aisle; at S. Martin and the Trinity over the central bay. That of S. Lorenzo is lofty, brick-built, with a touch of the Mudejar; that of S. Juan de los Caballeros has neither the grace of this nor the far-off Lombard look of the rest (mostly unnamed here), but, with thick buttresses at the corners and more massive forms, recalls rather the heavy belltower of Zamora.

The rare and precious feature, however, of all these churches is the side cloister, or long porch, which flanks one or both aisles, commencing at the transept or its place. It is often returned across the face to meet a true porch, as at S. Juan, S. Esteban, and S. Martin. In other cases it stops with the aisle wall, or just short of it, as at S. Millan, where the western face with its pilaster strips, set of small windows, and larger window above wears an air quaintly north-Italianate. The porches, though a *spécialité*, are not confined to Segovia. The earliest appearance of the form, logically speaking, is in the eastern Pyrenees, where, in the Valley of Andorra, for instance, the tiny mountain churches show, along with tall Lombard belfries, a shelter for mules and donkeys while their masters are at mass, constructed by continuing the roof on one side well beyond the walls and supporting it on posts or stone pillars. The older country churches in America have met the same need in much the same way, with a shelter-shed along the back fence. Among the snows of the Pyrenees such a structure could not be spared; it was needed against the winds of the Guadarrama. With the Lombard-looking towers it may have passed straight from Andorra to Segovia. Those little mountain churches have no date, as they have no shape; they are timeless. There are signs that the art of the Segovian churches is belated, and that even the Romanesque belongs to the thirteenth century. Visibly, none of these antedated Vera Cruz, and that is dated positively 1208.

Another wonder, however, of this Segovian style is found in the rich carving of capital and cornice, modillion and corbel, and those decorative aspects of the last which are called in Spanish *mensula* and *canecillo*. Birds and lions, harpies and griffins, figure in the cloister of S. Martin; in that of S. Lorenzo, below a Romanesque flower, saintly legends suggest at every turn the thirteenth century; and around the apses, above the flanks, under the eaves, present everywhere, but most amazing at S. Juan, a wide range of little arches descends upon grotesques and encloses others intermediate.

The Old Cathedral, which stood close to the Alcazar, was possibly of this style, but most likely not. It was founded in 1136, consecrated in 1228, and destroyed in the fighting of the Commune in 1520. That it was massy, and most of all the tower—this is all we know; the phrase suggests Zamora. A little like that of Durham was the site, and too close to the steep bank. In 1470 a new cloister was built; then a new palace was planned for the bishop, but the fighting around the Alcazar in 1507 disturbed the Chapter, and, in 1510, they secured the king's license to move. They bought their ground in the High Street (so to speak, literally in the Plaza Mayor) from the nuns of S. Clare. In short, it is not Juan Bravo and his republicans, but the bishop and his canons who are accountable, as at the last so at the first, for a New Cathedral fine as that at Salamanca. Probably, as there, the Old Cathedral, but for ill-luck, might still have been *in situ*. But it was battered, it was burned, it was all to bits, and the new was needed in a hurry. The story of the building of it is written in a long *Relation* preserved in the cathedral archives. Canon Juan Rodriguez, who was in charge of the works from their commencement in 1522 until ill health forced him to resign after forty years of service, spent a year thereafter upon it. One likes to think of the old cleric brooding and blinking over his memories in the sun at noon, pacing the checkered warm and cold of the pavement in his cloister, so cleverly removed and set up again taller than it was before; or, in shell-rimmed spectacles, writing beside his brazier in the chilly hours of early day and nightfall; the image evoked is as a portrait by Greco.

It is not, after all, so curious a thing where Vera Cruz was built in transitional times and



SEGOVIA—ROMAN AQUEDUCT From a photograph by E. H. Lowber

the parish churches fall all, more or less, within the thirteenth century, that right there in the sixteenth the cathedral should be a lovely late Gothic work, lofty, fair as minted gold and as pure, with none of the trumpery stuff that the Catholic kings affected, as you may see it in Segovia at S. Cruz and El Parral, with its debased arches and disheveled tracery, its fringed and tasselled buttresses. Trained in the noble tradition of cathedral building, Juan Gil de Hontañon and his son Rodrigo were directing the *chantier* there for five and fifty years—for so long that the memory of those living could not reach back, and on the slab in the cloister which marks the grave of Master Roderick, they wrote that he set the first stone of the church. Thereafter building went on by its own momentum, for a great *chantier* formed men and depended on none, till in 1615 it was time to close in the crossing and to set a dome above, and no man could be found who knew how to make one in the Gothic style, as domes had been made, for instance, at Salamanca, Toro, and Zamora. At last a Biscayan, Juan de Mugaguren, planned one in the classic style, that sets not so ill as might be thought with the leveled lines of roofs and flying buttresses, and the sharp, small pyramids on corners and angles. He repaired, also, the tower in the same style, after it was struck by lightning; he got a good half, doubtless, of his craft, from the cathedral; he gave a good deal, visibly, to it; and there is little of the incongruity that offends. In truth, Spanish Gothic, like Italian, being of the sort to which Professor Moore will not allow the name, keeps always those qualities—draws its life from those—which it shares with Romanesque and Renaissance, and changes come only as maturity and age come to a beautiful woman, without loss of individuality or charm.

When, at the end of the seventeenth century, the windows were to be set in the ambulatory chapels, the Gothic art of glass-painting, in its turn, was forgotten and had to be restored. The cathedral keeps, laid up with Canon Rodriguez's *Relation*, a treatise on stained glass written by Francisco Herranz, Chapter's Verger. The clerestory windows of nave and aisles are filled with strong reds and hot yellows, the eastern windows of Francis the Beadle are yet more furious in color, but in the golden twilight of their altitude they content the eye. This church is, when all is said, like the rest of the great Spanish, very grand, complex yet lordly, dim yet glorious. Street's word for it, at the last, is "awful solemnity."

Regional Surveys—Their Aim and Importance in War and in Peace*

By C. GRANT LA FARGE

The privilege of addressing you has doubtless been conferred upon me, rather than on some more able speaker, because of a visit I made to this district something over two months ago, as an investigator for the Housing Bureau. I am not here to tell you how to do the work we have asked of you, for there is no need of that. The kind of talent and energy we have appealed to needs only to be told what is wanted. So I had better do just that, and say also why we want it. It will hardly be practicable to separate these two statements or to arrange them in any sequence, nor shall I try to do so.

First, then, as to the task of the Bureau of Industrial Housing and Transportation. As an arm of the United States Government in its paramount present undertaking, the winning of the war, its function is to provide homes for those workers whose labor is essential to the production of the munitions with which the war must be waged. Where these homes are lacking in the vicinity of industries producing munitions, and by this lack production is impeded, the need is met in more than one way. It may be that vacant residences are discoverable within a distance that would be reasonable and satisfactory were improvements made in transportation; these improvements should then be undertaken. It may be that in the very neighborhood are vacancies not known about because no systematic effort has been made to find them; in this case, the systematic search is made, accompanied by the setting up of a Homes Registration Service to help connect the workman and the vacancies. And even with all these things done, houses may have to be built.

The demand is widespread and enormous, presenting itself mainly as an incident of the great industrial expansion due to the war. But concerning this demand in its very many and various aspects, it may quite fairly be said that the war urgency is really acting as a sort of searchlight upon things which the community has hitherto permitted to go, if not unobserved, at least uncared for. Because, although it may appear at first sight a rather simple propo-

*An address before the Home Registration Service Committee of the State Council of Defense, August 5, 1918, at Chicago.

sition to determine, in any given case, that a given number of war-workers need houses and so to provide those houses, yet, as a matter of fact, when we begin to investigate the conditions that must be known in each case, we find that there is hardly any social factor safely to be left out of consideration. It is obviously of the first importance that whatever is built with the people's money shall not only produce the immediate result aimed at, the stabilizing of labor in sufficient quantity where required, but shall be also a good investment of that money. Therefore, we must make as sure as we can of two things: that what we do will be attractive to the workmen, that they will be content to live in what we build and want to stay there, and that the investment is one that will be absorbed by the community after the war. Otherwise there is a double waste.

As to attractiveness, it is not sufficient merely to build some good houses. They have to be of such cost that upon the basis of a fair, even if low, rate of return, they may be rented or ultimately sold at prices within the reasonable reach of the wage-earners who are to use them. Assurance is essential of proper health conditions; of adequate shopping and market facilities; of educational and religious and recreational provision.

To forecast the soundness of the investment, the industrial status of the locality before the war has to be ascertained, and the best estimate possible made of its stability when war-pressure ceases. To do this intelligently, we must know all we can of the whole body of industry whether or not now engaged in making munitions.

It is plain, then, that without in the least going outside of the wise limitations imposed by law upon our spending of public funds, we still are obliged to take into our reckoning pretty much every factor of communal life before we decide when, where, how and to what extent to spend them. And here is where the searchlight comes in.

It is true that the influx of workers due to war activities often produces intolerable congestion; also that, for the same reason, local transportation systems are overtaxed. It is when the heavy burden falls upon you that you learn where your weak places are. And what we actually find, over and over again, is that if congestion did not actually show itself before the war, something very near it existed. By the same token, poor transportation was somehow tolerated until war exigencies made it insupportable. Aside from this are many things not due at all to the war: if workmen lived in slums; if the speculative builder furnished inferior houses to them; if industrial housing was squalid and dreary; if rational amusements were lacking for them and their children; if health conditions were bad; if employment agencies did little better than to increase labor overturn to their own pecuniary advantage; if renting systems looked no further toward usefulness than to collect all the fees they could; if water-supply was largely drainage; if traction companies laid out their lines upon plans that suggested more the exclusion of rivals than the giving of convenient service—for these and such as these we may not hold the war responsible. But we may indeed say that the war has forced them upon our attention today, no matter how reluctant we may be to face and deal with such unpleasant facts.

I shall not attempt to detail what we have found in this district; you must all know it far better than I. Suffice it to say that it has appeared that various improvements in transportation were feasible and that some of these are already under way, with promise of beneficial results; that an unknown but apparently large number of vacancies in Chicago existed, and that these are being surveyed, while at the same time a Homes Registration Service is in process of establishment here, coöperating with branches in the Steel Towns, already rendering valuable service.

In speaking of this district I ignore the political division separating Illinois from Indiana, for despite that and despite the further very appreciable demarcation between the "wet" and the "dry" state, the Indiana Steel Towns, geographically and industrially, form one great group of which this city is the metropolis. Without, as I said, going into any details, let me make one general statement.

Whoso studies the map of this region must see at least these things: the great open-pit mines of Minnesota; the continuous long procession of ore-laden vessels from the harbor of Duluth; the illimitable tributary wheat and cattle country; the nearby coal-mines. And he must see here one of the vastest of those huge aggregations of manufacturing plants that are so distinctive of the development of this civilization of ours and so fraught with their potentialities for weal and woe to that civilization. Serving all this, binding all this together and uniting it with every corner of the earth, is as close-gathered and complex a network of railways, to say nothing of water-borne traffic, as perhaps the world can anywhere show. With these facts before him, the student of the map must conclude that about the southern shore of Lake Michigan lies a force, difficult to assign bounds to today, destined to grow beyond anything we dare calculate, incalculable in the effect it may have upon the future. It is with this in mind that we have asked you to make a survey and a plan.

We entirely realize that we may not expect our present action, limited as it is by the inadequacy of the appropriation available for our use, to be a full measure of relief. We anticipate relief from it, but we also anticipate a further demand. When that comes, should we be able with further appropriation to meet it, we most urgently desire that every dollar we may spend here shall be spent in the best and the wisest way; that the future shall not disclose to us that had we known better all the conditions, their interrelation and the possibilities for their development or their correction, we should have made a more constructively permanent contribution to the welfare of the locality and hence of the country. To secure just such knowledge and understanding, a plan is necessary with, of course, its accompanying report. To make such a plan, in the clear, suggestive, graphic way that architects and town planners know how, there must first be a survey to gather and to arrange the great multitude of facts which are to be expressed in the plan, as well as described in the report. But it is not enough that the plan should stop at a mere statement of what is, however beautifully presented. There is required the kind of constructive vision that will see and show how evils may be overcome, inequalities adjusted, awkwardnesses corrected, waste eliminated, order substituted for disorder; show further how every

future step may be toward a known, foreseen, predetermined goal.

To the production of such a result the concerted efforts of many people must be invoked; to lead the work, to coordinate and combine the fruits of all the various efforts in such a plan as I have indicated, where could you go to find better or more proven skill and imagination than are possessed by the distinguished planners whom you have made your Committee? You will be in good company. Besides an interesting survey in the Boston district, there is the one made by the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. This has been presented by Dr. Hamerschlag, Director of Industrial Research for the General Staff of the Army, to that Staff, to the War Industries Board, to our Bureau and to the War Department. The Journal of the American Institute of Architects states that "All agreed that such surveys were of vital importance, and well-nigh essential to the intelligent solution of problems which confronted the Construction Division, the Housing Bureau of the Department of Labor, the Ordnance Department, the Bureau of Storage and Traffic, and the Motor Transport Division." It speaks of a conference to be held by the heads of these agencies and indicates the need of a survey of the Baltimore district, "where there is now great congestion of traffic and a bad road system, and tremendous industrial expansion." Here, surely, is an indication of the widespread value that such work will have. We may even, without being fantastically optimistic, permit ourselves to imagine its extension, region by region, to the point where we shall have something like a great National Survey.

Gentlemen, before I close, I beg your patience with what I wish to say concerning the patriotic aspect of this undertaking, as I see it. To win the war we must undoubtedly win a military victory. But if we would make our victory in very truth complete, there is more than that for us to do. For if it be true of a man that should he conquer himself he is greater than one who takes a city, the same thing is also true of that aggregation of men we call a nation. The war lays upon us all a stringent necessity for work and sacrifice; it also offers to us an almost unimaginable opportunity. The justification of the sacrifice is to be found in the seizing of the opportunity; unless we shall do this, then at least a great part of our lavish outpouring of blood and treasure will have been in vain. But if we look clear and unafraid at what the fierce searchlight of the war reveals to us of our failures, our shortcomings, our unthrift and our injustices, and if then we strive with all our strength and all our intelligence to cure these things and set them straight as a heritage for those of our children who may mercifully be allowed to live and carry out our destiny, then indeed it will all have been far from in vain—then we may face the rising generation unashamed.

This is why we have felt it but right to propose to you the rendering of a service which will tax your resources of skill, of knowledge, and of money, but which will be a real service, far-sighted and constructive, immediately to us in the work we are charged with, ultimately to your whole community. That you can render it, and brilliantly, no doubt whatever is in our minds, and so with that confidence we commit the undertaking to your able hands.

Status of Technical Students, with Particular Reference to Those in Architecture

Soon after the United States entered the war, technical schools were officially advised to hold their students for graduation to assure a continuing stream of men whose training would be needed. It was foreseen that the schools otherwise would be depleted through volunteering and would be unable to do what they alone can do toward the successful prosecution of the war. Quite naturally, large numbers did nevertheless volunteer from all educational fields, for the college man, be it said, demonstrated that a willing and aggressive idealism goes with higher opportunity.

As the situation developed, with increasing uncertainty as to the future, there came, in October, a reduced attendance at all institutions, excepting only medical schools; but a committee of educators was working with the War Department, the result being that on December 15 there was announced the establishment of the Engineer Enlisted Reserve Corps. Its purpose was to permit students to complete their technical courses in order that they might be available upon graduation "in some one of the engineering branches of the army." It provided for placing on the inactive list students "regularly enrolled" and who "must be pursuing a course required for the degree of Chemical Engineer, Civil Engineer, Electrical Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, Mining Engineer, or some other equivalent engineering or technical degree." It was also required that the standing of the candidate be equal to that of the best third of the graduating classes during the preceding ten years, and that he pass a physical examination.

Architectural and architectural engineering students were not specifically provided for but were admitted under the words "technical degree" from at least a number of the schools, for these schools believed architectural students were entitled to such consideration by reason of their training.

The Engineer Enlisted Reserve Corps was a constructive step aimed to avoid a repetition of the error made in England, where technical men were allowed to enter general service without a realization that there would presently be a serious shortage of such men. We were urged by England to profit by their experience. This Reserve Corps also stabilized technical instruction in institutions crippled in point of staff and income and created a better feeling among students who, being thus enlisted, felt that they were doing something by completing their education.

In June, 1918, the regulations of this Reserve Corps

were modified to receive architectural engineering students, while it was stated that those in architecture "may be construed as eligible, provided they have taken, or agree to take, sufficient work in physics and mathematics." A request for a definition of "sufficient work" and a statement of the technical and scientific subjects pursued by architectural students, brought the response of July 23, that extra work in mathematics and physics would not be insisted on since the enlisting of students in higher institutions of learning was under consideration, and that *architectural students* would be accepted this fall. Since the above, the general press has announced a splendid general plan prepared by the War Department which will lead to a great student army training corps, and which will, to some extent, stabilize all higher education.

The status of the architectural schools thus seems satisfactory; they are apparently to have the full recognition they deserve, and the graduates have a much greater likelihood of being used where their particular training will enable them to do the most effective work.

At this moment the Engineering Council is making further efforts on behalf of engineers, as was done by the Institute for architects. The increasing recognition given architects will react favorably on the schools. That this is needed is shown by statistics gathered by the writer for the Association of Collegiate Schools of Architecture. These show that the decrease in enrollment in fifteen of the older and larger architectural schools was between 45 and 50 per cent, while that of new or entering students for the year 1917–18 was in some cases as high as 65 per cent. The total decrease is about what was expected, and many of those who did not return are known to be in the service, and in practically all branches of it. The reduction in *entering* students means, of course, a small second-year class for 1918–19, and so on through the remaining years. It must be apparent that the schools will need the fullest coöperation of all who are interested in the future of the architectural profession. We must not forget that well-trained architects will also be needed after the war, and that they will not be available unless the professional schools are reasonably well sustained during the war.

The general situation and the possibilities of technical service for the Government certainly suggest some readjustment of courses. Most schools could, without undue sacrifice, readily allow or require the election of additional courses in science or construction and certain allied subjects, such as surveying and testing materials, which would permit a wider range of immediate usefulness now and also be of value in civil life.

EMIL LORCH.

On Town-Planning

Town-planning is just now a much used and much misunderstood word. The one who practises town-planning is referred to as a "town-planner," as if this were a recognized profession or occupation. As a matter of fact what is included in the term is a very complex group of problems that belong in no one profession, and which require for their solution the help of many professions and advice from a wide field of experts.

Broadly speaking, town-planning may be divided into two quite distinct parts. One is laying out a town from the start. It may be a wholly new town established in the open country, or it may be a suburb developed in the open country, but near, or forming a part of, a town. In this case the problem includes all the necessities of a complete community, but is wholly, or to a large extent, unhampered by existing town conditions. The other is town-planning in an already established community. In this case the problem includes a comprehensive study and analysis of the existing conditions; to find what is good and essential to retain, what is bad and must be remedied, and what is bad and must be endured.

Anyone who has had experience with municipal work, whether it be the board of health, the street commissioners, the school committee, or the trustees of libraries or hospitals, will recognize at once how difficult and complex a task it is to make municipal improvements. Each is so involved with all the others, and coöperation is so difficult, unless there is some supreme authority to demand, and in a position to enforce, coöperation.

At the present time the Government, through the United States Housing Corporation, is carrying on both branches of town-planning, building new communities and making substantial changes in, and additions to, old communities; and the Government is in a position of supreme authority. Of the two problems the latter is undoubtedly the more complex and the more difficult. If, then, one considers first the simpler of the two, the new community, one may see what is expected of the man who is called a town-planner.

To lay out a town well requires knowledge of topography, drainage, water-supply, street-planning and construction, the planning and construction of all buildings which go to make up a town, and the proper relation of all these buildings to each other, parks, playgrounds, transportation, industrial, social and economic problems. It is a large order for any one man, and, as a matter of fact, no one man knows all these fields and is competent to solve all these problems.

If this is true of the new community planned from the start, it is infinitely more true of the substantial addition to the old community, for here one must add to the difficulty of solving these problems on virgin ground, all the hampering conditions of that which already exists.

In all complex work requiring many minds and many points of view, it is essential to success to have a single control. Some one authority must be the final one; some one central control must assemble, coördinate, compare, and arrive at the eventual compromise (a bad word to use, but one which really expresses the usual best result) which establishes the final town plan.

It is evident that one needs many men of many professions to study the different problems. Most of them

concern the architect. Most of them are problems which he is in the habit of studying. Many concern the engineer. These two recognized professions have certainly clearly defined work. Besides these two there is the profession of the landscape architect, whose field is less clearly defined but is concerned chiefly with topography, parks, and gardens. Then there are questions which involve railroads, transportation, education, hygiene, social and industrial problems, and here one must have the help of physicians, lawyers, railroad men, real estate men, social workers, and educators.

In all this crowd of experts who is the town-planner? The one who gathers up all the information and makes the final decision must obviously be a man with wide vision and good clear common sense. These are the essential qualities for almost any professional work. Professional men value rightly their purely technical and professional education, but most of it they forget in practice. Most of what they learned in the schools is obsolete in their years of mature work, and what they rely on most is the exercise of their well-trained brains. This is but another way of saying that common sense, well-balanced judgment, based on wide experience, and, above all, based on a profound belief in the unreliability of scientific "facts," is the essential in the problem of town-planning, as in any other complex problem.

Of the various professional men whose knowledge is needed for the solution of a town-planning problem, the architect is the only one who has had experience, more or less complete, in all the phases of the work. Topography, streets, drainage, he must know, superficially at least; buildings of all kinds are his regular work, and these involve study connected with hygiene, education, and recreation, for he plans hospitals, schools, and theatres, and plans playgrounds and parks. As a matter of fact, however, almost any thoroughly well-trained mind would be as fit as the architectural mind to weigh, sift, and decide, when the facts are assembled. The man who did this would not therefore be entitled to be called a town-planner, nor is a profession, independent of others, hereby established. If anyone is entitled to be called a town-planner it would be the man who assembles the data and puts them in graphic form, and this must be the architect, for, primarily, the problem is one of buildings.

There seems, however, no real need to invent a new title for this particular phase of architecture, which cannot be divided, as the medical profession is, into groups of specialists. Specializing is always narrowing. The orthopedic surgeon has forgotten all he ever knew about digestion. The architect who calls himself a specialist in schools will generally be found to be poor in other fields and probably not first-class in schools. The best architects are, without exception, those who habitually study and solve every kind of problem which comes their way. The problems connected with town-planning are in every respect the kind of problems the architect is in the habit of studying. A modern commercial building, whether it be an office building or a city hall, involves every kind of engineering. A large country house involves topography, roads, drainage, and water. There are innumerable variations of the problems, which give the architect an insight into medical, educational, social, and industrial questions.

The architect is, therefore, the one best fitted by training and experience to gather together and coördinate the miscellaneous information necessary to the solution of the plan for a new town or a new suburb, but it does not therefore follow that the architect is, or ought to be, the final judge of his own solution, or that it would necessarily be another architect who would render that decision.

The United States Housing Corporation is organized on this basis. The chief is a builder of wide experience, whose standing is recognized throughout the country. The General Manager, under whose control are the architectural, engineering, landscape, contractual real estate and legal divisions, is an architect. This is absolutely sound and should give good results.

This country is new at the business of planning industrial or any other kind of communities. Our old towns, like Topsy, "just growed;" our new towns, under the guidance of unimaginative engineers, seared a gridiron plan on land irrespective of its nature. When we experimented with model towns we failed, for a variety of reasons. We have, therefore, no background of experience, still less of success, that warrants the assumption by anyone of the title of town-planner. Until we have accomplished something that is reasonably successful, that is within hailing distance of what England has done, it would, perhaps, be just as well to be content with our present professional titles and not attempt to claim that of town-planner.

R. Clipston Sturgis

News Notes

The United States Housing Corporation

There has now been formed the United States Housing Corporation of the division of the Department of Labor known as the Bureau of Industrial Housing and Transportation, and which concerns itself with the problem of providing housing for workers engaged in making war necessities other than the building of the merchant marine. The needs of the workers in this latter activity are still looked after by the Department of Transportation and Housing of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, with offices at Philadelphia, Pa.

The formation of the United States Housing Corporation affords a greater facility than is possible in the usual Federal agency. It was created as an adjunct of the Bureau of Industrial Housing and Transportation, and is the active operating agency of the Bureau in its administration of the housing program. It possesses the advantage of permitting the use, as a rotary fund, of all money collected in the course of the Corporation's business, a course which

otherwise would be impossible under the statutory inhibitions.

From the small beginning, as a minor subcommittee of the Council of National Defense, the United States Housing Corporation has developed into a branch of the Government's war-making activities of the greatest importance. Each day serves to show the complex character of what we have commonly accepted as a mere building problem. The hurried investigations which were the beginning, when the housing problems all over the country were pressing for quick solutions, have now developed into comprehensive searchings, by which all the elements which enter into a solution of what the best thing is to do, in any given circumstance, are weighed and considered.

Elsewhere in this issue there is described, for example, the regional survey which the Housing Corporation has asked for in the Chicago industrial district. In Mr. LaFarge's explanation of the necessity for this work and of its scope, there are disclosed the general policies which guide this great organization in its work.

We are so accustomed to the idea of changes after the war, much as we are unable to define their precise character, that it seems trite to refer to the effect which the work of the Housing Corporation will have upon our future. Yet, it would be equally absurd not to recognize that here is a branch of the United States Government which, for the first time in the history of this country, actually seeks to understand and interpret and ameliorate the intolerable living conditions which have not only disgraced us in time of peace, but which have sorely handicapped us in time of war. Who can contemplate this national recognition of a human problem so fundamental that all our social and economic evils may be said to cluster around it like emanations from one poisonous sore, and not be grateful that, even though it be war-born, it has arrived at last.

One might, in studying the organization, be prompted to remark upon the character of its personnel, and to venture the thought that many of the able men in its various divisions, must be there only through the making of considerable financial sacrifices. But we believe it to be true when we say that none of the experts who are working at these problems have ever found a task which approached this one in the character of its human interest and its opportunities for service, and that whatever sacrifice there may be is accepted without a thought of regret.

A Letter from Holland

We are asked by the Secretary of the Boston Architectural Society to publish the following letter, which we gladly do.

Baarn, Holland, June 7, 1918

To the Secretary Boston Architectural Club.

Dear Sir. As I am regularly receiving books from the United States as well as papers and periodicals, I am sure that there is no embargo on books for Holland as you were informed by the Express Company; that information must be a mistake. I hope that you will be kind enough to send me the Year Books for the years 1915, 1916, 1917, and, if published, also 1918, which I am missing. I would appreciate very much the complete collection of these very valuable books which give a high idea of American architecture and are of great use for me and often mentioned in my writings.

With kind regards, yours very truly,

J. N. W. Lehman, Architect
Editor of the *Bouwereld*

Using Excess Profits for the Purpose of Providing Recreational Facilities in England

Mr. Patrick Abercrombie, Professor in the Department of Civic Design in the University of Liverpool, writes to call our attention to a development in connection with housing in England, which indicates the ever-broadening attitude of the people, the employers, and the government of that country, on questions of this character.

Under the Inland Revenue administration it is now permissible for manufacturers to divert a proportion of their excess profits for the purpose of providing recreational facilities for their employees. This permission was availed of quite extensively, at first, in providing canteens. From these it was a natural step to rest-rooms and play features, but a marked departure became possible when it was decided that a certain sum per worker might be utilized for this purpose, and that manufacturers could merge the sums so available in combining for providing mutual facilities for their respective plants. The work is being taken up by an independent organization on which the firms are represented, and the recreational facilities will be made available to the general public.

The matter is yet in its very early stages, but it represents an extremely important item in the sharing of the products of production along lines which are not subject to the fallacious premise that they are shared under the present system of attempting it through wage-raises.

Changes in Requirements of Civil Service Examinations

In the Journal last month, there was published a list of the positions of Architect, Structural Designer, Architectural Designer, Senior Architectural Draftsman, Junior Architectural Draftsman, and Architectural Tracer, for all of which the Civil Service has announced examinations. We are now advised that the requirements have been modified, so that those who have not been graduated from a school or college of recognized standing, may still be eligible, providing they have had two years' additional experience for each year lacking in the college course.

Notes by the Wayside

FOOD CONTROL, taxes on luxuries and apartments at $7,500 to $15,000 a year do not seem to be very congruous. It seemed so shocking to think that when workmen could hardly be housed decently at all; that when necessary essential production was undoubtedly being held down by lack of merely decent homes, energy and capital should be devoted to apartments at $15,000 the year! Yet there it was, an elaborate, luxurious building just being completed, covering two whole blocks of ground. An inviting archway entrance leads to a great court laid out as a formal garden. Around this garden court the apartments face. Result—air, light, and privacy—a shutting out of the noise and dust of the street. These apartments are worth more than the ones around them. Yet the things that make these apartments worth more to the tenants are not the things that make them cost more to the owners. What a blessing it would be if the apartment builders in the crowded poorer districts of cities, instead of outdoing each other in the imitation of Louis Quinze foyers, would devote their energies and thought to a coöperation which would result in buildings of considerable area arranged around garden courts, giving light and airy apartments away from the noise and dirt of the street, to rent for from $500 to $1,000 a year! A dozen buildings in a block, with as many small, dark courts, planned merely to conform to the law, would be coöperatively combined for everybody's good.

A NARROW shop-front, a few stories high and three-quarters or more in plate-glass, does not offer a very flexible opportunity for design. It has been tried in all ways from the attenuated pilaster treatment to sgraffitic and imitation roof of tiles. It is not a problem for the novice but rather for the master. A brilliant, almost great, solution by one who is considered a master has just been completed in Fifth Avenue, New York City. Ivory and black terra-cotta with Sienna marble all go to make a charming composition. Just a little too much black, especially in the central area above the lower part, makes the façade miss its mark. The lower stories themselves are superb. The whole thing is a gentleman well dressed in a rather conglomerate crowd, only a little too conscious of his dress.

PASSING the new St. Bartholomew's Church the other day, we thought of how inappropriate was Schelling's figure in his "Philosophy of Art," calling architecture "frozen music." Crystallized poetry would seem much better. We do not know whether academicians would call this building good architecture or not, nor do we care. It vibrates with life and personality. Despite some rather far-fetched idiosyncrasies of the designer, it thrills and charms. The old porch by Stanford White and Saint-Gaudens does not seem to lose its identity by having the new building for a background, nor does the new church suffer on account of the rather grandiose old porch. The two sides of the building are quite similar in silhouette but entirely different in treatment. One is full of light and shade, color, tracery and fenestration, the other a brilliantly designed blank wall! Both seem to express the plan and function equally well. It is to be regretted that the dome and fleche had to be omitted for the present. We should like to see the dream of the architect completely expressed in a design as promising as this.

SOUTH OF St. Patrick's Cathedral is a loft building which makes one wish that architects would more often respect the surroundings of their buildings. There is no question that St. Patrick's dominates its block. It would seem almost as incongruous to place a Renaissance façade facing it as to make one bay of the cathedral itself of Renaissance design. Yet this loft building is the only one around the cathedral which harmonizes with its Gothic. Despite this harmony and influence, it preserves its character as a loft building. How much more charming our cities would become if their architectural character would change gradually from one dominating center to another, rather than violently every twenty-five feet!—TRAVELER.

List of Members of the Institute in War Service

The following list has been compiled with all possible care, and yet so numerous are the changes which occur from day to day that the Journal begs its readers to communicate any information which may lead to the correction of any misstatements, as well as to the addition of names which are omitted through entire lack of knowledge at Institute headquarters.

Names of members who are serving in an active capacity alone are given, although many members are serving the Government in civil capacities of the greatest importance.

Chapters and Members	Branch of War Service
Alabama	
Martin, Hugh	1st Lieut., Signal Reserve Corps, Aviation Section, 470th Aero Squadron.
Boston	
Aldrich, Wm. T.	Capt., Ordnance R. C.
Bellows, Robert P.	American Red Cross. Reconstruction.
Cummings, Charles K.	Lieut., U. S. Navy.
Gray, Ralph W.	Captain, Infantry U. S. R., 301st Ammunition Train.
Little, J. Lovell	1st Lieut., Signal Corps, Const. Dept., A. E. F.
Lowell, Guy	Major, Red Cross Deputy Commissioner to Italy. Head of Military Affairs.
Luquer, Lynch	War Trade Board (Abstractor Dollar Army).
Richardson, F. L. W.	Lieut., Red Cross in France.
Shaw, Thomas Mott	1st Lieut. Const. Div. Aviation Sec. Signal Corps, U. S. R.
Will, George G.	Major, Q. M. C., N. A.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE IN WAR SERVICE

Chapters and Members	Branch of War Service
Brooklyn	
Leeming, Woodruff	Chief Renting Officer, Rents, Requisitions and Claims in France.
Snook, Curtis P.	2d Lieut., Signal Corps, Aviation Section, Const. Squadron, 483rd Aero Squadron.
Snook, Jr., Thomas E.	Capt., Engineer Reserve Corps, Co. B., 306th Engineers, 81st Division.
Buffalo	
Hudson, Harry F.	Y. M. C. A., France.
Mann, Paul F.	1st Lieut., 106th Field Artillery, Battery A.
Central New York	
Bonta, Edwin W.	Army Y. M. C. A., Camp Hempstead, L. I.
Young, Jr., George	1st Lieut., Signal Reserve Corps, Const. Division.
Cincinnati	
Baldwin, Bert L.	Major, Engineer Reserve Corps, U. S. A.
Cleveland	
Richardson, E. A.	Captain, Engineer Service.
Illinois	
Bollenbacher, J. C.	1st Lieut., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
Burnham, Hubert	Lieut. (J. G.), U. S. Navy, Naval Reserve. Flying Corps, in France.
Clark, Edwin H.	Lieut. (J. G.), U. S. N. R. F., Naval Station, Great Lakes, Ill.
Granger, Alfred G.	Captain, Engineer Reserve Corps, U. S. A.
Hammond, C. H.	Captain, Aviation Section, Signal Officers' Reserve Corps.
Lowe, E. C.	Y. M. C. A. work.
Swern, Perry W.	Major, 108th Engineers, 33d Division.
Van Bergen, John S.	War Secretary for the Y. M. C. A. in France.
Wright, Clarke C.	Major, Q. M. C., N. A., Cantonment Division.
Iowa	
Schulzke, William H.	Inspection Section, Signal Equipment.
Watrous, Charles A.	Major, Commander 313th Supply Train, Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa.
Whitsitt, Hammond W.	Captain, Ordnance Dept.
Louisiana	
Koch, Richard	Lieut., Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, La.
Bernard, Joseph	2d Lieut, 463d Aero Squadron Signal Corps, A. E. F.
Armstrong, Charles R.	Lieut., Construction Quartermaster, Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas.
Owen, Allison	Colonel, Commanding 141st Field Artillery.
Louisville	
Gray, George H.	Major, Engineer Reserve Corps, Asst. Engr 90th Division.
Hutchings, E. T.	Captain, Engineer Officers Reserve Corps, U. S. A.
Tafel, Arthur G.	Officers' Reserve Corps, C. A. C.
Michigan	
Keller, Walter S.	Captain, Engineer Corps (Pioneer).
Minnesota	
Brown, Edwin H.	Field Director Camp Service, American Red Cross, formerly at Camp Cody, N. Mexico. Now stationed at Washington.
Hewitt, Edwin H.	Y. M. C. A., formerly with *les Foyers du Sold*, at Paris, France. Now stationed at Washington.
Jackson, Jerome P.	Captain, Engineers U. S. R. (Over Seas).
Jones, Roy Childs	Co. F., 24th Engineer Camouflage.
Stone, Jr., Jacob	1st Lieut. Engineers, U. S. R.
New Jersey	
Campbell, Shiras	1st Lieut., Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
Tubby, Jr., Josiah T.	Construction Division, Signal Corps, Oversea Service.
Armstrong, Wm. T. L.	U. S. Naval Reserves.
New York	
Bosworth, F. H.	American Red Cross, France.
Aldrich, Chester H.	American Red Cross, Italy.
Embury, II, Aymar	Captain, Engineers Corps, U. S. R.
Emerson, William	Head of Construction Department in France, American Red Cross.
Ford, George B.	American Red Cross, in France.
New York, continued	
Hewitt, Edward S.	2d Lieut., Assistant to Division Quartermaster, 77th Division.
Kolbe, Arno	Captain, E. U. S. R., Supervising Cantonment Construction at Newport News, Assistant to Constructing Quartermaster.
Levi, Julian C.	American Red Cross, France.
Murchison, Kenneth M.	Captain, Engineer U. S. R., attached to Council of National Defense.
Stoughton, Charles W.	Ninth Coast Artillery, 5th Battery.
Price, H. Brooks	Captain, Surgeon-Generals Office, Washington, D. C.
Tracy, Evarts	Directing Camouflage work in Europe.
Trowbridge, A. B.	1st Lieut. N. Y. Guard. Attached to staff of the Inspector General.
North Carolina	
Northup, Willard C.	Lieut. Signal Corps Construction.
Philadelphia	
Cret, Paul P.	Interpreter Stagiare French Army, Headquarters 1st. Division, A. E. F.
Marie, Louis E.	Lieut. U. S. Naval Reserve Force, assigned to Public Works Office.
Meigs, Arthur I.	Captain, Field Artillery.
Register, Henry B.	1st Lieut., Signal Corps, Aviation Section, Construction Div. (Overseas Service.)
Rush, Louis H.	1st Lieut., Quartermaster Corps, U. S. A.
Tilden, Jr., Marmaduke	1st Lieut., Aviation Section, Signal Corps, Const. Division.
Zantzinger, C. C.	Representing War Trade Board in Sweden.
Pittsburgh	
Barney, William Pope	Sergeant, 446th U. S. Engineer Corps, Depot Detachment, R. R. Work, Field.
Schwab, Harvey A.	Captain, Infantry, U. S. R.
San Francisco	
Allen, Harris C.	Captain, Aviation Section Signal Corps, U. S. R., President of Aviation Examining Board.
Baur, John A.	Captain, Signal R. C., Aviation Section.
Hatch, John Davis	1st Lieut., 62d Regt. Coast Artillery Corps.
Hirschfeld, B. S.	Officers' Ground Training School, San Francisco.
Parker, Walter H.	Aviation Section (in France).
Raiguel, William O.	Aviation Section, Signal Corps.
South Carolina	
Simons, Albert	U. S. N. G., Private in the Headquarters (Cavalry) Troop, 30th Division.
Southern California	
Allison, D. C.	Red Cross, France.
Farquhar, Robert D.	Red Cross, Italy.
Vawter, J. T.	Engineering Corps.
Washington, D. C.	
Boal, Theodore Davis	Captain, Cavalry, Aide-de-Camp, Major-General 28th Division.
Brown, Ward	Captain, Engineers, U. S. R.
Macneil, Robert L.	Lieut., Canadian Engineers, Engineers' Training Depot, St. Johns, Quebec.
Totten, Jr., George O.	Major, Engineer Officers' Reserve Corps.
Wheaton, Francis B.	Major, Quartermaster Reserve Corps.
Wyeth, Nathan C.	Major, Sanitary Corps, Hospital Work.
Washington State	
Alden, Charles H.	Captain, Q. M. U. S. R., Assistant to Depot Quartermaster, Boston, Building Construction.
Coté, Joseph S.	In France.
Somervell, W. Marbury	On duty overseas.
Wisconsin	
Balch, H. C.	(Detachment) 86th Division Headquarters Troops.
Rotier, Henry J.	Capt., 3rd Precinct, 18th Ward, Milwaukee Co., Council National Defense.
Scott, Fitzhugh	Capt., Headquarters Co., Warehousing Division.
Unassigned	
Harris, Thomas W.	Lieut. Com., U. S. S. Texas.
Members of the Office Force of the Octagon now on active duty	
Albert Jacobson	(Journal), Master Engineer, 419th Depot Detachment, in France.
Lawrence Smith	(Institute), Light Artillery, in France.
Harris Whitaker	(Journal), Corporal, Co. H., 302d Infantry in France.

Housing Developments Projected by the United States Housing Corporation

Erie, Pa.
Architect: Albert H. Spahr, Pittsburgh.
Town Planner: C. D. Lay, 15 East 40th St., New York City.
Engineer: Chester & Fleming, Pittsburgh; W. McCulloch, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

South Charleston, W. Va.
Architect: Godley, Haskell & Sedgwick, 244 Madison Ave., Charleston.
Town Planner: James L. Greenleaf, 1 Broadway, New York City.
Engineer: Philip Burgess, 828 Columbus Savings & Trust Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

Bethlehem, Pa.
Architect: Zantzinger, Borie & Medary, 112 S. 16th St., Philadelphia.
Town Planner: T. W. Sears, 1424 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Engineer: L. J. H. Grossart, Bethlehem Steel Co., Bethlehem, Pa. Alexander Potter, 50 Church St., New York City.

Washington Navy Yard.
Architect: York & Sawyer, 50 East 41st St., New York City.

Washington Navy Yard.
Architect (Temp.): James A. Wetmore, Acting Supervising Architect's Office, Washington, D. C.

Washington Dormitories.
Architect: Waddy B. Wood, 816 Conn. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Bath, Maine.
Architect: Parker, Thomas & Rice, 110 State St., Boston.
Town Planner: Lorring, Underwood, 16 Exchange St., Boston.
Engineer: Weston & Sampson, 14 Beacon St., Boston.

Quincy, Mass.
Architect: J. E. McLaughlin, 88 Tremont St., Boston.
Town Planner: H. J. Kellaway, 12 West St., Boston.
Engineer: Ernest W. Branch, 21 Adams Blvd., Quincy.

Bridgeport, Conn.
Architect: R. C. Sturgis, 120 Boylston St., Boston.
Town Planner: A. A. Shurtleff, 69 State St., Boston.
Engineer: Alfred Terry, 886 Main St., Bridgeport.

Puget Sound, Wash. (Bremerton).
Architect: A. H. Albertson, 725 Henry Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
Town Planner: E. T. Mische, 394 Jackson St., Portland, Ore.
Engineer: Sawyer Bros., 410 Lindelle Bldg., Spokane, Wash.; Geo. B. Sawyer (Sawyer Bros.), 407 White Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va.
Architect: Geo. B. Post & Sons, 101 Park Ave., New York City.
Town Planner: Geo. B. Post & Sons, 101 Park Ave., New York City.
Engineer: Hill & Ferguson, 100 William St., New York City.

Norfolk and Portsmouth (Colored).
Architect: Russell Edw. Mitchell, Norfolk, Va.

Watertown, N. Y.
Architect: Davis, McGrath & Kiessling, 175 5th Ave., New York City.
Town Planner: F. Vitale, 527 5th Ave., New York City.
Engineer: E. W. Sales, City Engineer, Watertown, N. Y.

Philadelphia Navy Yard.
Architect: Rankin, Kellogg & Crane, 1012 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Mare Island (Vallejo) Calif.
Architect: Geo. W. Kelham, Sharon Bldg., San Francisco.
Town Planner: P. R. Jones, care of G. W. Kelham, San Francisco.
Engineer: S. E. Kieffer, Mechanics Institute Bldg., San Francisco.

Alliance, Ohio.
Architect: Walker & Weeks, 1900 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Town Planner: Alling DeForest, 222 Sibley Block, Rochester, N. Y.
Engineer: R. Winthrop Pratt, Hippodrome Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Indian Head, Md.
Architect: Dunn and Deming, 808 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Town Planner: Stephen Child, 613 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Engineer: E. V. Coonan & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Architect: Dean & Dean, 137 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Davenport and Bettendorf, Iowa.
Architect: Temple & Burrows, 208 Main St., Davenport, Iowa.
Town Planner: Geo. E. Kessler, 423 Security Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Engineer: W. S. Shields, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

E. Moline, Rock Island, and Moline, Ill.
Architect: Cervin & Horn, Rock Island, Ill.
Town Planner: Geo. E. Kessler, 423 Security Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Engineer: W. S. Shields, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

New London, Conn.
Architect: Hoppin & Koen, 4 E. 43d St., New York City.
Town Planner: C. N. Lowrie, 101 Park Ave., New York City.
Engineer: Tribus & Massa, 86 Warren St., New York City.

Bethlehem, Pa. (Club House).
Architect: A. W. Leh, Post Office Bldg., South Bethlehem, Pa.

Hammond, Ind.
Architect: J. C. Llewellyn, 38 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Niles and Warren, Ohio; Sharon, Pa.
Architect: Geo. H. Schwan, Peoples Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh.

Lowell, Mass.
Architect: Henry Lawrence Rourke, Lowell, Mass.

Portsmouth, N. H.
Architect: Allen & Collens, 40 Central St., Boston.
Town Planner: W. H. Punchard, 284 Dartmouth St., Boston.
Engineer: H. K. Barrows, 6 Beacon St., Boston.

Elizabeth, N. J.
Architect: Chas. W. Oakley, 1259 Clinton Place, Elizabeth, N. J.

Aberdeen, Md.
Architect: Sill, Buckler & Fenhagen, 11 E. Pleasant, Baltimore, Md.
Town Planner: Stephen Child, 613 G St., Washington, D. C.
Engineer: Norton, Bird & Whitman, Munsey Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

New Castle, Del. (Housing for Bethlehem Loading Co.)
Architect: Chas. C. May, 15 E. 40th St., New York City.
Town Planner: Geo. F. Pentecost, Jr., 15 E. 40th St., New York City.
Engineer: G. L. Robinson, 39 E. 28th St., New York City.

Lowell, Mass.
Architect: James H. Ritchie, 8 Beacon St., Boston.
Town Planner: Warren H. Manning, North Billerica, Mass.
Engineer: George Bowers, 359 Westford St., Lowell, Mass.

New Brunswick, N. J.
Architect: Trowbridge & Livingston, 527 5th Ave., New York City.
Town Planner: C. N. Lowrie, 101 Park Avenue, New York City.
Engineer: Chas. R. Ward Engr. Corp., 32 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Washington Navy Yard (Houses).
Architect: Ray and Waggaman, 1211 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

Newport, R. I.
Architect: Clarke & Howe, Turks Head Bldg., Providence, R. I.
Town Planner: A. A. Shurtleff, 89 State St., Boston.
Engineer: S. B. Palmer, Thayer Bldg., Norwich, Conn.

Waterbury, Conn.
Architect: Murphy and Dana, 331 Madison Ave., New York City.
Town Planner: Frederick W. Hinchman, 52 Broadway, New York City.
Engineer: George W. Fuller, 170 Broadway, New York City.

Staten Island, N. Y.
Architect: Delano & Aldrich, 126 E. 38th St., New York City.
Town Planner: A. F. Brinkerhoff, 527 5th Ave., New York City.
Engineer: C. S. Pollock, Park Row Bldg., New York City.

Florence, Sheffield, and Tuscumbia, Ala.
Architect: Warren & Knight, Birmingham, Ala.
Town Planner: Harold A. Caparn, 220 W. 42nd St., New York City.
Engineer: Julian Kendrick, Birmingham, Ala.

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